

THE AMERICAN

# LEGION

MAGAZINE

JULY 1948 • 15¢



## THIS IS FOR YOU!

This issue of your magazine is different. You'll like it. It has more color, type which is easier to read, a better arrangement of features, and subjects of vital interest to you.

**WAR: CAN WE HEAD IT OFF?**

**HOMES: HOW TO AVOID PITFALLS**

**JOBS: CAN YOU BE YOUR OWN BOSS?**

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO GOOD TASTE



## He Started Your Country Club

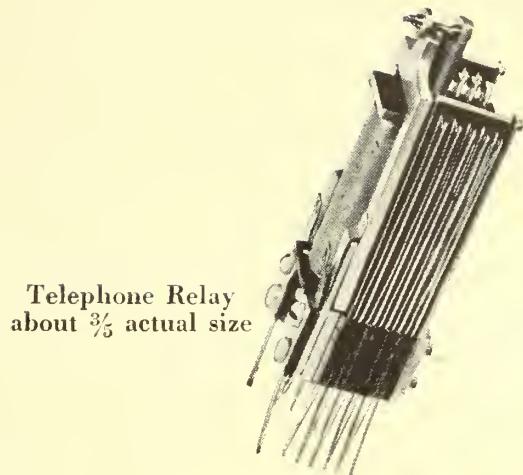
James VI saw the mistake of Scotland's earlier kings, who forbade golf as a time-waster. James made it a popular recreation. Suddenly and deservedly in good taste, the game quickly found its way 'round the world. It promoted the country club idea, where whole families could enjoy good sport, good fellowship, good food . . . and where Budweiser usually is the oldest member. Every sip tells you why.



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CONTAINS  
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Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

2 • The American Legion Magazine • July, 1948

Vol. 45  
No. 1 THE AMERICAN

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# LEGION MAGAZINE

July 1948

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POSTMASTER: Please send notices on Form 3578 and copies returned under labels Form 3579 to Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

Please do not send notice on Form 3578 if a notice has already been sent to the publishers of *The National Legionnaire*, Indianapolis, Indiana, with respect to a copy similarly addressed.



Bill Luberoff, our cover artist, enlisted as a Buck Private in the Army Air Force and "drew and painted my way to Captain." He adds: "Portraits of top brass were the order of the day." But his talents were such that he did posters and training art for ATSC's world-wide distribution. To make our cover just right Bill went to five wig-makers in the N. Y. theatrical district before getting a real 1776 wig. Little-girl model Kathy Molloy is a brunette, but "for contrast" Bill blondified her.

PICTURE CREDITS: SOVFOTO 14, INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO 15, McGRAW-HILL 18, PHILIP GENDREAU, GOODYEAR TIRE, INTERNATIONAL CASH REGISTER 19, CAREW-CALDWELL 20, AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY 24-25.



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**Kitchen** includes all cabinets, exhaust fan and combination dishwasher-clotheswasher among many features in the "delivered price" of the house.

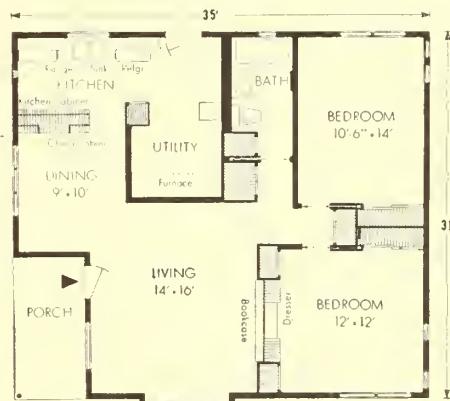
Here is America's new standard for living.

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# Previews OF PRODUCTS INVENTIONS IDEAS



Here are the things being developed for better living now, next month, or a year or more from now.

**SAFE PAPER CUTTER.** Photographers, teachers and others who have to cut paper can now do so without danger of losing a finger in the process. Designed to supplant the traditional knife-blade paper cutter, an ingenious device called the Nikor Safety Trimmer will soon be generally available. It has a wood base 21 inches square, with a raised bar along one side. The bar serves as a guide for an enclosed shearing wheel which cuts the paper by rotation. A clever pulley arrangement built into the moving cutting unit turns the cutting wheel at a fast speed. Price of the trimmer is \$24.50, and it will be distributed by Burleigh Brooks, Inc., New York City.

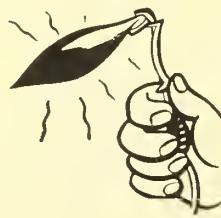


**QUICK ON THE DRAW?** Policemen, bank guards, target shooters and others who have a legitimate use for sidearms will be interested in a new kind of pistol and revolver holster being distributed by Firearms International Company, Washington, D. C. With this holster you don't "draw"—the weapon leaps into your hand. This happens since its side springs open when the hand closes over the grip. Since this swinging action means that the holster can't be concealed, its use by criminals is most unlikely. Other advantages of the holster are that the pistol cannot be dropped, pulled out by anyone but the shooter, or discharged accidentally while being brought into action.



**FOR THE HOBBYIST.** Something new in hobbies is being offered in a kit which will be of interest to fishermen or whittlers. Called the Car-Vit Casting Plug Kit, it consists of all the makings for an assortment of casting plugs. Included are fish hooks, fish eyes, wood, enamel, carving knife, brushes, etc., with instructions and photographs. Made by Universal Specialty Company, of Lebanon, Ind., the kit sells for \$6.50.

**COP WITH DIALS.** A new "robot traffic officer" has been developed by General Electric engineers to meet special traffic conditions at any given hour on any given day throughout the week. By means of dials, stop-and-go signal systems can be set for a whole week in advance. Thus, the problem of the noon-day rush and the evening lull can be anticipated and taken care of by the "cop's" clockwork at the proper time.



**DOLLAR BLOW TORCH.** A handy gadget for home tinkerers is the Super Jet Blow Torch being brought on the market by the Birk Manufacturing Company, of East Hartford, Conn. Unusual in that it uses a dry fuel instead of alcohol, the small torch gives intense heat with temperatures which the manufacturer says range above 2,000° F. Fuel comes in the form of tablets, priced at 25¢ for a box of twelve. The torch itself sells for a dollar.

**TO HELP YOU KEEP SOLVENT.** A way of keeping your finances straight has been worked out by Legionnaire W. P. Machemehl, of Houston, in a new form of checkbook called the Chec-Count. The book contains 250 checks imprinted with the user's name and address. Each sheet of checks has a form which gives an immediate picture of one's finances. As checks are written, information carried into the form provides a simple bookkeeping system helpful in figuring out budgets, taxes, etc. Easily understood instructions are included.

**SIMPLIFYING PIPE-SMOKING.** Now you can fill that pipe without digging into your old tobacco pouch. A new wrinkle in pouches, called the Phil-O-Matic, does this work by means of a piston built into one end of a plastic pouch. Tobacco feeds into the pouch end when the piston is pulled out, and when the piston is released a spring tamps the pipe-bowl full. Made by the Phil-O-Matic Company, Springfield, Ohio, the automatic pouch will retail at \$1.95.



**TAKING THE WORK OUT OF WINDOW SCREENS.** A new development in window screens eliminates the need for removing them when windows have to be washed. A new screen, called the Durall, has a tension design which eliminates heavy side frames so the screen can swing freely. A simple twist of the thumb screws at the bottom of the screen releases it from the sill, giving easy access to the window pane. The Durall screen is all-metal, made of aluminum, and can be installed from the inside of the house. Manufacturer is The New York Wire Cloth Company, New York City.

**NO-GLARE HEADLIGHTS.** Legionnaire Herbert W. Schwartz of Chicago, has been granted two patents on a device which directs headlight rays out and down to the ground. His invention consists of visors which can be attached to sealed beam headlights so that the upper half of the lens is covered. Schwartz-Light Visors sell for \$3 a pair and can be attached in a few minutes.

**TO KEEP YOUR LINES STRAIGHT.** If you're troubled with electric cords which snake around your rooms there's a remedy in a new gadget called the Reel-Away. Made of brown bakelite, it is less than four inches in diameter and is only an inch and a quarter high. It may be attached to the cord of any electrical device without disconnecting the cord. The cord is placed across the bottom section, the top is replaced, and by winding the bottom the excess cord is wound inside the reel. The Reel-Away, which sells for 59¢, is the invention of George Eypper, a WW2 veteran, of 150 E. 50th Street, New York, N. Y.



**ONCE OVER LIGHTLY.** National Lead Company, makers of Dutch Boy paints, have announced "a revolutionary flat oil paint" in a new product called Wonsover. Said to have unusual density, it provides complete covering power in a single coat. Washable, it covers wallpaper, woodwork, ceiling, brick and water-mixed paints.



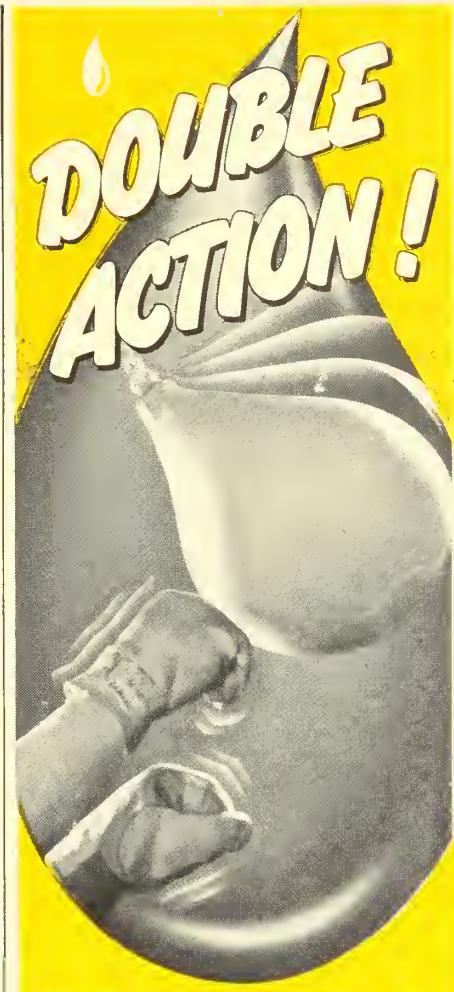
**WHEN YOU PUT ON THE DOGS.** Preparing frankfurters at the table is accomplished in a tasty, quick and simple manner by means of a new, midget electrical cooker made of plastic. Frankfurters are placed on the carbon electrode prongs in the lower part of the cooker, and when the lid is closed extensions on either side of the lid automatically serve as a switch. The current flows through the frankfurter which contains a salt solution that sets up a resistance, thus cooking the frankfurter from the inside to the outside in about two minutes.

**HOTTER THAN HOT.** Westinghouse engineers are working to develop a superfire, one that will burn faster, give off more heat and waste less fuel than any ever built. Such a fire is needed, they say, to drive the engines of the newest jet planes and tomorrow's gas turbine locomotives and ships.

**21-INCH FISHING ROD.** A short, convenient fishing rod which is said to have the responsive action of a 5-foot rod is the Stubcaster now being introduced. Unlike other short rods, the Stubcaster has a patented coil spring which gives it an action like that of the long fellows. Breaking down to 14 inches, the rod can be carried in a traveling bag or even a briefcase, and it will of course fit inside any tackle box. With it the fisherman can cast overhand, underhand or sidearm. Only 2½ feet of swinging space is needed. The rod is made of high tension, oil-tempered spring steel, plated to resist rust, and the handle is polished aluminum and plastic. Made by Waltco Products, Chicago, the Stubcaster sells for \$5.95 without reel. **J.C.K.**



Inquiries concerning items in *Previews* should be addressed to *Previews* Editor, The American Legion Magazine, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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# From where I sit

## by Joe Marsh

### Who is this Man?

Now and then, in the pages of the *Clarion*, I run a biographical quiz, under the heading of "Who Is This Man?" For instance . . .

*"He was one of the earliest lovers in American history . . ."*

*"And yet he was too shy to court a woman outright . . ."*

*"He came to the New World on the Mayflower . . ."*

*"A cooper to repair the beer barrels accompanying the Pilgrims . . ."*

*"Who is this man?"*

I thought that everybody was stumped. But not Ma Hoskins, who promptly returned the clipping to me with the name "John Alden" on it. She recognized all the clues—including that reference to "beer" and "cooper."

*For Ma—who's read her history, knows that beer as the beverage of moderation, is as old in this land of ours as the never-ending American search for tolerance—the search that brought the Pilgrims over to this country in the first place.*

*Joe Marsh*

Copyright, 1948, United States Brewers Foundation



#### MRS. HUTTON'S HAT

Two distinguished authors in this issue settled an annual bet not long ago. Author (and National Commander) James F. O'Neil, whose article *Can We Head Off War?* is on page 14, bought a \$100 hat for Author (and National Auxiliary President) Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, whose article *Silent Women of the Legion* is on page 24. Commander O'Neil had to pay up because on March 17 Legion membership had not enrolled at a rate equal to that of Auxiliary membership. At that time the ladies had an increase of 32,587 members over the same date in 1947. Mrs. Hutton more than earned the hat with her article, for it is no mean trick to try to tell the tremendous story of the Auxiliary in a few thousand words.

#### THE APO HOBBY

Comrade Simon Power, of 229 Bon View, Ontario, California, has a 100 percent disability and time hangs heavy on his hands. He set out some time ago to get a complete collection of War Two APO postmarked envelopes, one from each Army Post Office. Right now he has over 10,000 different postmarks sorted and mounted. Now he is stumped, for he is exactly 26 short of the mark and isn't making any more progress. He recommends this phase of stamp collecting as an excellent hobby and would be glad to start others off on a collection by swapping off some of his duplicates. He hopes that in the process he may get one or more of his 26 missing postmarks. In further pursuit of the missing 26 he will pay 2¢ apiece for any and all complete APO envelopes sent him by anyone not interested in swapping. When you get the 26, Simon, you can start in on Navy Numbers.

#### JOE'S BASEBALL BOOK

Even if Joe DiMaggio didn't say a lot of nice things about Legion Junior Baseball we would still feel compelled to put in a boost here for his new book *Baseball For Everyone*, published recently by Whittlesey House. It's one of the most instructive volumes we've seen for anyone who wants to play, coach or watch baseball—neatly analyzing the play of the positions and the strategy of the game. Joe doesn't pose as a complete authority, but picked many baseball brains for his material, including Carl Hubbell, Bill Dickey, Frankie Frisch, Art Fletcher and Red Barber. The book has been made available through the

Legion Book Service because of its Junior Baseball value. If you or your Post want it and can't get it at your bookstore, write in author and title on the coupon on page 55. The price is \$2.50.

#### LEARNING THE BUILDER'S LANGUAGE

The article *What Every Homebuyer Should Know* on page 20 is illustrated, among other things, by a picture of a house with "call-outs" naming a great many of the construction wrinkles that are part of the language of every contractor but are likely to be Greek to the rest of us. This picture was supplied us by the HomOgraf Planner Corporation, 11711 East Eight Mile Road, East Detroit, Mich. The HomOgraf outfit puts out a unique little package for home-builders or dreamers. It's a kit which will help you sit around the dining room table and plan your home. It includes scaled drawing paper, little cut-out models of all sorts of furniture to shuffle around in your dream rooms, assorted details of variously styled doors, windows, landscaping, garages, roofs, etc., and a lot of common sense about home-planning. Our picture is one of the educational features lifted from one of their kits.

#### BEST FRIEND AND SEVEREST CRITIC

H. Wieand (Hank) Bowman is very critical of his favorite game in this month's sports article, *Will Midget Racing Clean House?*, page 22. Bowman, who was a torpedo boat patrolman in the Southwest Pacific in the early days of the Solomons and New Guinea campaigns, likes all kinds of racing with motors. He is part owner of a speedboat "track" near Philadelphia, and is an expert and outstanding writer on auto and motor-boat racing. He says what he says about midget auto racing because he loves the game and wants it to last.

#### FAINT PRAISE?

Like all people, we love flattery. So we were pleased to hear from Mrs. Ressie Nordtime, of Floweree, Montana, that this is her favorite magazine. It turned out that on a trip she had accidentally changed travelling bags with another lady, and the bag she lost held over \$500 in valuables. When she discovered the error at home she had no idea how to contact her travelling companion. But just then the phone rang and it was the lady with her bag who had located Mrs. Nordtime from the mailing strip pasted on the cover of her American Legion Magazine, which was in the missing suitcase. A swift exchange of bags occurred and all ended happily.

It took us some time to figure out why we should get any credit for this, but we finally managed to pat ourselves on the back. If it weren't a fair magazine Mrs. N. wouldn't have carried it along to read on the train.

R.B.P.

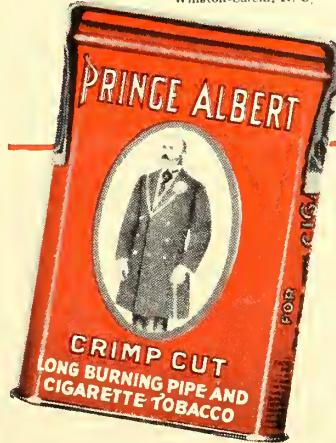
# You're on top of the world when you've got P.A.\*



YES—a man with Pipe Appeal has something extra that appeals to the ladies. And with Prince Albert in his pipe, he has something extra in smoking joy and comfort too.

P.A.\* means Pipe Appeal  
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Players mentioned are members of the famous Wilson Advisory Staff



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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. So many letters are received that Sound Off letters cannot be acknowledged.

**FINAL \$100 PRIZE WINNING LETTER**

Note: With this issue the \$100 prize for the most interesting letter submitted to Sound Off, which was first offered last January, is suspended.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
Congratulations on the Commander's article in April questioning the "perfection" of our fighting equipment.

I was a platoon leader with Co. A, 502nd Parachute Infantry, 101st Airborne Division. From start to finish the P47s did a wonderful job for us at Bastogne, but we need a radio that gives air-ground liaison at company level. It must be a constantly available weapon, not a Sunday luxury. I saw a Battalion Commander and several men killed as well as part of a CP group merely because my message didn't get action until we'd already occupied the target.

The American soldier deserves to be a proud soldier, but he's not proud of that cloud of smoke in front of his machine gun after he has fired a few bursts. Why not *real* smokeless powder?

Only nine men survived another of our companies when the tanks came in on them. Sure, they had bazookas, one per platoon. A few *panzerfausts* would have changed that story.

It seems to me that people in high places think a change of equipment is an admission of error in the past. There's no market for that type of thinking any place in business. Why pension those people with a procurement and testing job in the armed forces?

I'm using the article *Are U.S. Weapons Inferior?* at this month's Reserve Officers Association meeting.

MAURICE G. LAGRAVE  
Mandan, North Dakota

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
**MELLOW BOURBON, ITCHY PALMS**

... The whole March issue was mellow as old Bourbon, particularly the part about the West and Alaska in the article *Seeing America with a*

*Fishing Rod.* It started itchy palms that would only be quieted by a fishing rod. Our magazine ranks with the best.

HERMAN J. MENGE  
Oakland, California

**HOW THE GI BILL WORKS**

I would personally enjoy reading examples of how the GI Bill works in successfully getting vets back on their feet . . .

FREDERIC W. THIELE  
Colon, Michigan

▼ See next month for the first in a series on the application of the GI Bill, its possibilities, its successes and its headaches. Next month, *How GI Employment Laws Work*, by Jack Sher, with answers and examples on many questions vets are asking about their employment and training under the law. Editors

**ARE U. S. WEAPONS INFERIOR?**

This month's prize letter and the following extracts are from some of the comments on U.S. arms sent us by combat Legionnaires as requested in the National Commander's April article, *Are U.S. Weapons Inferior?*

▼ The quotes below do not necessarily give the main point of each letter, but show the trend of criticism and experience of men who handled our arms in combat. They like our weapons, but on specific points found our recent foes clearly ahead of us in weapon design for use in combat. In general our weapons were sturdier, heavier, more accurate. Often the foes (even the Japs in some instances) and some of our Allies could deliver more fire with less trouble and personal risk, and frequently with more effect.

Editors

I was a Pacific infantryman . . . Our BAR was a good weapon but jammed too much. . . . So did our light .30 calibre machine guns. . . . The Jap's heavy .30 had a mechanism to brush and oil each shell, and they didn't have the trouble of burning out barrels we had. . . . Among our greatest handicaps was lack of smokeless powder. My machine gun gave away my position immediately, with smoke by day and flame by night. The Japs used smokeless powder and I've been within 50 feet of where they were

(Continued on page 52)



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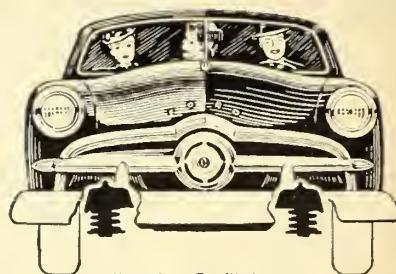


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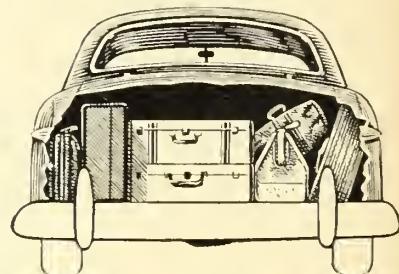
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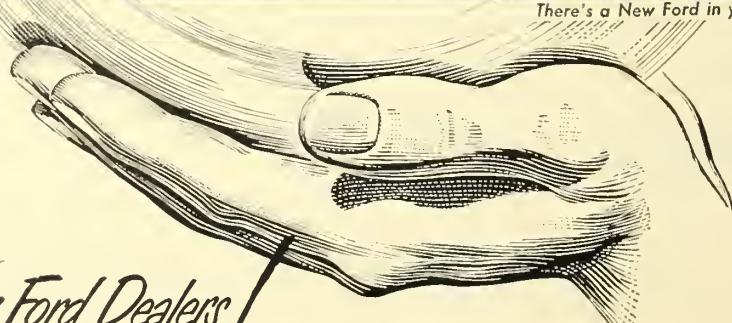
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The American  
**LEGION**  
Magazine

# TOO OLD TO FIGHT

All Spain honored the matador Diego Fortuna till the critics said he was too old. Then a bull ran wild in the streets of Madrid.

By BARNABY CONRAD

**M**OTHER OF God!" screamed the man as he ran frantically down the Gran Via. "A bull has escaped! Run - run for your lives!"

It was true. A fighting-bull had escaped while being unloaded at the bullring and was now fifty yards behind this clerkish looking young man. The crowd on Madrid's Broadway watched helplessly as

He felt himself lifted into the air, then the horn ripped into his chest

W.R.

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
WALLY RICHARDS

the huge black animal gained on him, running low and fast down the pavement between the street car rails. Its tossing hump was swollen with rage, and one horn was already rusty with blood from where it had killed a woman up the street.

"Corran!" the Spaniard gasped. "Run everybody!" He didn't seem to realize that the bull was almost upon him now. He hadn't let himself look back, and he didn't know how incredibly fast a fighting-bull is. Then he heard the hard hooves on the pavement terrifyingly close, and he tried to make his

weakening legs run faster. And suddenly he felt himself boosted into the air, almost gently. When he came down a stiletto horn was spiked through his chest, killing him instantly.

Panic took over the Gran Via. Picture thousands of screaming people in the big street—in the part that most resembles Times Square—scrambling, clawing, even fighting their own families to get to a place of safety away from the maddened beast. For dozens along the sidewalks in back of the bull it wasn't difficult to get out of the square and up the street. Others slipped into the doorway of the Bequer Theater and stayed motionless hoping the bull would pass them by.

But for fifty people caught in the bottleneck made by two large buildings it was a nightmare. They were herded and jammed into the wedge like sheep in a corral. There was no way out if the bull decided to charge. It was twenty yards away, still standing over the man it had killed, studying the cornered crowd as though trying to decide which part of it was most inviting. A policeman in a safe position in a doorway drew his pistol but replaced it helplessly when he saw he would have to fire directly into the crowd.



"No one move!" He commanded the frightened people. Bulls are attracted by movement and sound, and perhaps if they didn't move, the bull wouldn't charge. They all froze. It made a ridiculous and terrifying charade—the jammed crowd silent in different serious attitudes as though having their picture taken, and confronting them a giant animal looking as though it were only waiting to get its breath before annihilating them.

Inside the Bécquer Theater a hundred yards away people were laughing uproariously at a comedy on the screen, oblivious to what was taking place outside. Even Diego Fortuna and his pretty wife, Pili, managed to forget the sick baby at home and to laugh at the antics of Laurel and Hardy—or Fat and Thin as they were known in Spain.

Diego spent most of his afternoons in the movies these days. What else was there for a matador whom they'd called "too old" to do? Old! Was thirty-eight old? It was Luis Morales—the big Málaga bull critic—who had started it. The best Diego wished for him was that he have open wounds on his feet and be made to carry the mail.

"It might have been a good corrida yesterday," Morales had written in the Liberal three years before, "Except for the annoying creaking of old Fortuna as he swung his cape."

It had been that and that only, Fortuna felt, that had started all the other critics down on him. They all called him "the Creaker" afterwards, and overnight he was ruined. Of course, Diego knew that he hadn't had the best season of his life that year

by any means. But everyone had off-seasons. It wasn't because he was old. Even Joselito and Belmonte had had their off-seasons. It could happen to anyone. All he needed was one good fight in Madrid with decent bulls and he'd be back on top. For two seasons now he hadn't been able to get a fight in Madrid, or any place for that matter. Nocturnals and second-rate festivals were offered to him, but he wasn't that low yet. Yet. Meanwhile his dapper suits were fraying, his tailor-made shirts were welted with repairs, and he and his wife had to move to a cheaper apartment. A very cheap apartment. Then the baby came and there were bills, and now the baby was sick and there would be more bills. What the devil did his manager think he was doing? Why wasn't he getting fights? He—Diego Fortuna—the "Wild Boar of León"—could still fight better than any of these young pups that were coming along with their filigrana tricks. That wild boar business was just propaganda. He felt fear like any other torero. He was really a gentle, quiet little man. He was no wild boar, but in his best days there was no one who could control and dominate a bull the way Diego Fortuna could. And grace! He reeked of grace. He wasn't a gypsy but they used to say that Fortuna had more "gitanería"—more gypsiness—than Cagancho. The name "El Jabato de León" on the billboards used to be magic. It could be again if his manager could only make the fool empresarios forget this "old" business!

Maybe he would have to take a nocturnal or two after

all. Just a couple to take care of the bills. Fortuna fighting nocturnals! But he had lost a lot of *cartel*. What made him admit it to himself was today when he came to the theater. Before sitting down he had said to the usher:

"Chico, the bebé at home is sick. If they call here, I am to be paged." He still spoke with the quiet confidence of a top-flight matador.

Who shall I page! It had come to this. Three or four seasons ago Diego's lean, sensitive face had been as well known to very Spaniard as Alfonso Thirteenth's. Every *aficionado* has had his photograph tacked on the wall—generally the one in uniform where he was smiling his shy little-boy smile and with the famous recalcitrant lock of hair over his forehead. The lock was starting to gray now.

"Page Diego Fortuna," said the torero quietly.

"Sí, matador," said the boy casually. The name registered but he was unimpressed.

He probably likes his foppish Artega or the Bienvenida clowns and their three ring circus, Diego thought. He was a

(Continued on page 50)

DIEGO reached one cautious hand back of him. As he did the bull took an ominous step toward him



# CAN WE HEAD

By JAMES F. O'NEIL

NATIONAL COMMANDER  
AMERICAN LEGION

The surest way of preventing war is to build our strength to a point where an aggressor won't consider this country a pushover

... People don't realize how close we have been to war."

Those words were spoken to me by one of the top officials in the United States Government. He is a man of cabinet rank whose duty it is to know what's happening everywhere in the world.

"Look at this map," he said, leading me to a top secret chart, stretched ceiling-high on the paneled wall of his office. He pointed to the red markings penciled on it. "You can see for yourself."

The red marks were symbols of troop dispositions by Russia and her satellites. They showed vividly how the U.S.S.R. has been steadily moving forward in Europe and Asia. How she is coordinating her armies with those of Yugoslavia, Hungary, Romania, Czechoslovakia and the others. How she threatens to cut us off from the Mediterranean and the Baltic. How, in China, she has millions of men attacking our sole Asiatic ally. How her fifth columns are on the march throughout South America.

"The truth is," the Government man stated, "that Russia's soldiers are mobilized at this very minute to move in on our few remaining democratic friends. If they do we'll have to fight for our own survival."

"How soon will that be?" I asked.

"If our intelligence is right, it may be soon," he replied. "And an incident might throw us into war tomorrow."

When I left that office I fully understood why Secretary of State Marshall considers the world situation "very, very serious," why Senator Vandenberg feels the hour of 12 has struck, why President Truman warns, "We will have to take risks during the coming year — risks greater than any this country has ever been called upon to assume."



The Red Army currently numbers 4,000,000, ready to back up the demands of Soviet diplomats and prepared to move in on our few remaining friends

# OFF WAR?



The National Commander discusses this country's defense status with the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Chan Gurney, left

I went over to the Pentagon. I wanted to find out for myself what kind of war this might be and how ready for it the United States is. I was told of a war which could last for years, a bloody struggle with bombs falling right here in America, on your home and mine. It was no surprise to learn this and to learn that we are virtually unprepared to fight such a war, and why. But at the same time I found out the one chance we have for averting war.

That's why I am going to do something no other National Commander of the American Legion has ever done before. I am going to tell you for whom to vote.

On how you vote, next November,

depends the life of your family and your country. I urge you, therefore, to vote for a courageous, preparedness-minded Administration and Congress. Unless you do, war is almost inevitable and the United States will definitely lose it. Unless you do, we can be invaded and conquered by Soviet Russia.

The reason we are in such jeopardy today is that many of the men now in Congress have lacked courage. John Thomas Taylor, our Director of Legislation, puts it this way:

"In normal times it is comparatively easy for a Congressman to vote in the best interests of the nation because what the nation needs and what the public wants run parallel. However,

in times of crisis, what the public wants, such as tax cuts and an untroubled life, is usually diametrically opposed to what the nation must have, such as a big defense budget and the draft. Then the average Congressman, with one eye on re-election, generally thinks only of what will be popular with his constituents, not of what is best for the whole country."

The fact that the United States is almost defenseless today — and, accordingly, in danger of a Russian attack — is due to just this cause. Congress has been so paralyzed by fright of the voters that it has neglected national security matters. Too many Congressmen have been afraid to take the necessary steps to protect America for fear they would be called spendthrifts and war-mongers.

The Legion is painfully aware of this. For years prior to World War II we fought for Universal Military Training. If Congress then had enacted such legislation we might have been spared much of the agony of that conflict, or the conflict itself. Since V-J Day we have intensified our efforts to get UMT, with a large part of the American public joining in the campaign. Yet action has been blocked by wilful, politically-minded Congressmen who lack the courage to permit Congress as a whole to vote on it. As of this writing, circumstances are forcing Congress to consider UMT, but even so our law-makers seem to prefer substitute measures which will win votes while jeopardizing our national security.

It must also be said, of course, that Congress is not alone to blame. Much of the press has also been at fault. Many editors have refused to tell the truth about American unpreparedness and Russian arming lest they, too, be accused of war-mongering. That's one thing that Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vishinsky accomplished with his lying attacks upon American "war-mongering." I know this at first hand.

Only recently I was talking with the editor of one of America's most important weekly magazines. I was pressing him to publish an article on American unpreparedness. He declined.

"Don't you believe in preparedness?" I demanded.

"Certainly I do," he responded. "But I can't risk having my magazine accused of war-mongering."

Well, I am not afraid of being dubbed a war-monger and neither is *The American Legion Magazine*. I am going to give you the truth, unpleasant and alarming as it is. Here is inside information you will see in no other publication.

The United (Continued on page 42)

Nowadays the only safe place for a country lad is the city, says this feller Felsen after a go at rural living

By HANK FELSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH STEIN

AFTER THE Marine Corps won the war I decided to take the money I had saved from my salary as a PFC and buy a small place in the country, where I would find peace and solitude. I went up to visit my Uncle Arny and Aunt Maria on their quiet little farm, to see if they could help me find a place.

One day I was sitting by the stove when Aunt Maria and Uncle Arny went out to feed the pigs. Suddenly we heard the sound of shooting. I ran to the window just in time to see Maria's bonnet fly off and the pail in her hand get riddled with bullets. They whirled and zig-zagged back to the house. Arny opened the door and she dived in. He closed the door as fast as he could, but not before several slugs had ripped through the kitchen wall.

"Get your red shirt out, Pa," Aunt Maria gasped. "The city people are up at the hotel for the deer season."

"This soon?" Arny exclaimed in dismay. "Time sure does fly. I ain't even got all the summer damage fixed yet."

"I should have kept track of the days," Aunt Maria moaned. "Now that the hunters are here, how are we ever goin' to get all the stock safe in the house?"

As Aunt Maria spoke, several heavy-caliber rifles went off, and then we heard a sad mooing sound.

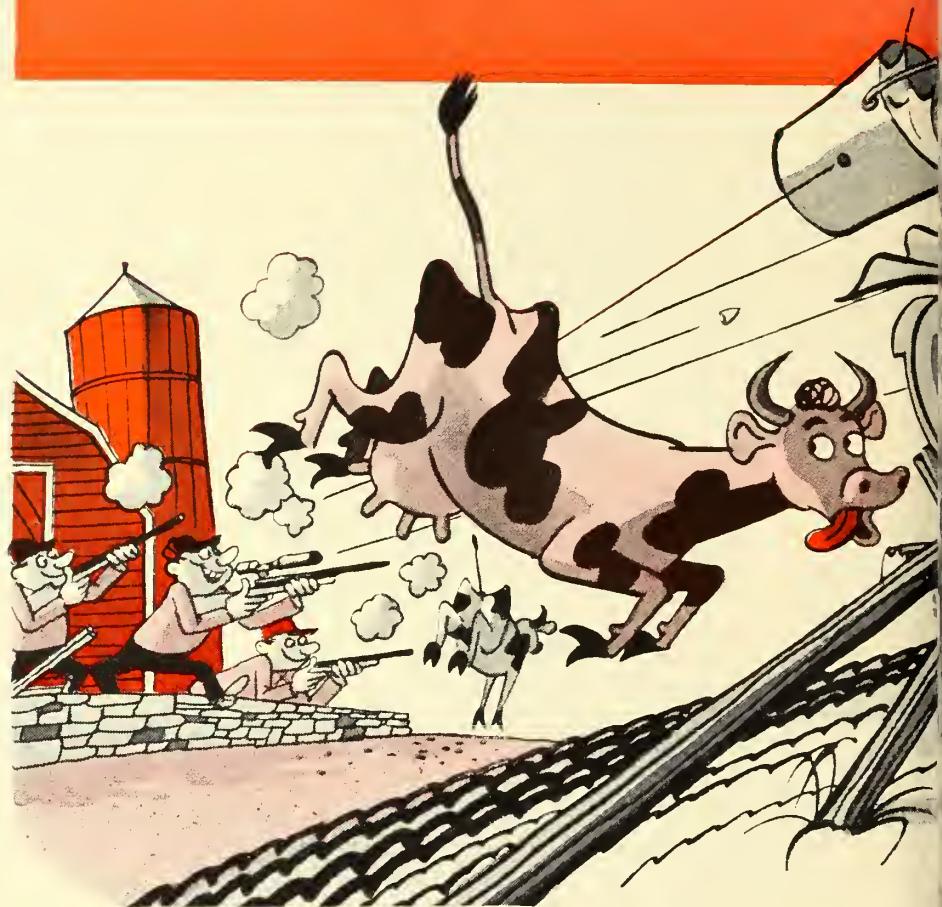
"Not the cow," Aunt Maria sobbed. "Don't let it be the cow."

Even as she wept, two men appeared around the barn, dragging the cow by the tail. Both men were dressed in fine hunting clothes and carried rifles with telescopic sights that cost as much as used cars.

"We trapped this one in the barn," one of the men said as he posed for a picture. "This farm is full of game."

I turned to Uncle Arny and Aunt

# FARM LIFE AIN'T FOR ME



Maria. "I'm going out and make them pay for that cow right now," I said angrily.

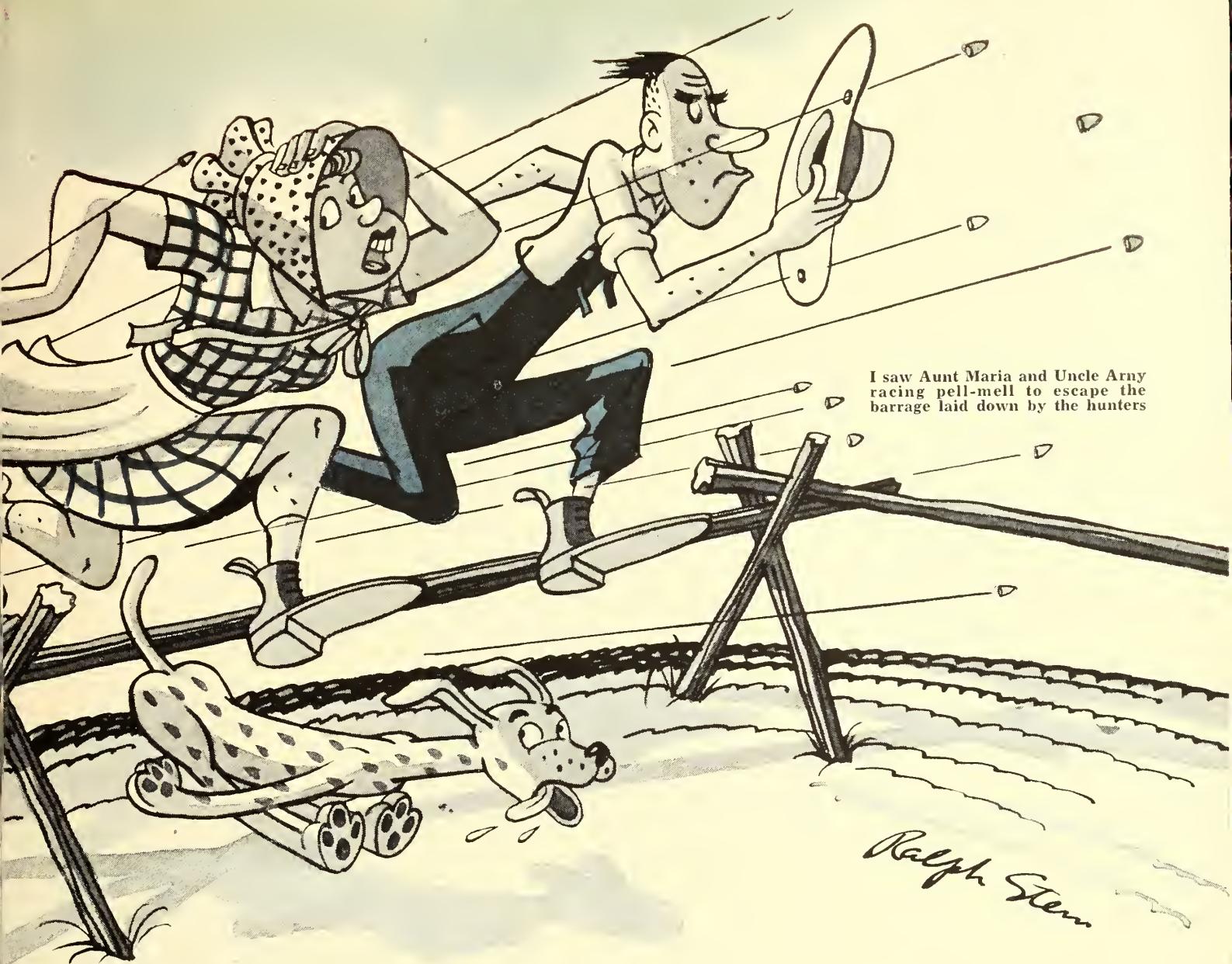
Before they could stop me I went out on the back porch. I took two steps before the hunters laid down a barrage that drove me back inside the house with my coat full of holes. The hunters were very angry that they had missed me, and I heard them arguing over how many points I had.

We lay down on the floor of the

parlor, and after more shooting the men left. We peeked out and saw them stagger away loaded down with pigs, sheep, chickens, and Aunt Maria's cat. There were thirty hunters and forty dogs, ranging from Russian Wolfhounds to toy hairless mastiffs. "I can't understand these country people," I heard one of the hunters say. "All this game around, and they're too lazy to hunt it. If it weren't for us city huntsmen, wild beasts

The car raced away with a load of luggage, children and loot. Suddenly it stopped and reversed





would overrun the land and there wouldn't be any crops."

"Lord," Uncle Arny was praying on his knees, "don't let me become a bitter man." Aunt Maria murmured "Amen" and went to prepare supper.

"Is it like this every fall when the city people come up to hunt?" I asked Uncle Arny.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "Sometimes it gets bad, like when they carry elephant guns instead of thirty-thirties or shot guns."

"Can't you post your land with a lot of no hunting signs?" I asked.

"Signs are the first thing they shoot at," Arny answered. "Signs are like magnets. Since I stopped posting my land, I only get half the hunters I used to."

"Isn't there anything you can do?"

"Yep," Arny said, biting into a biscuit and spitting out a mouthful of buckshot. "Lay low, Nephew. Lay low."

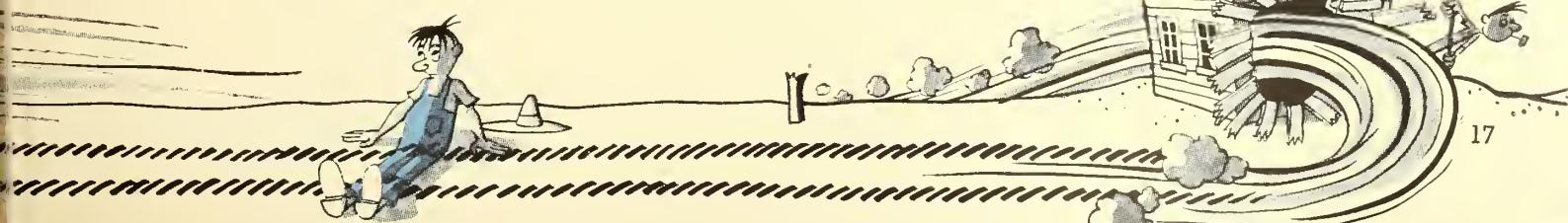
"If you think this is bad," Aunt Maria sighed, "you come back in the spring and summer."

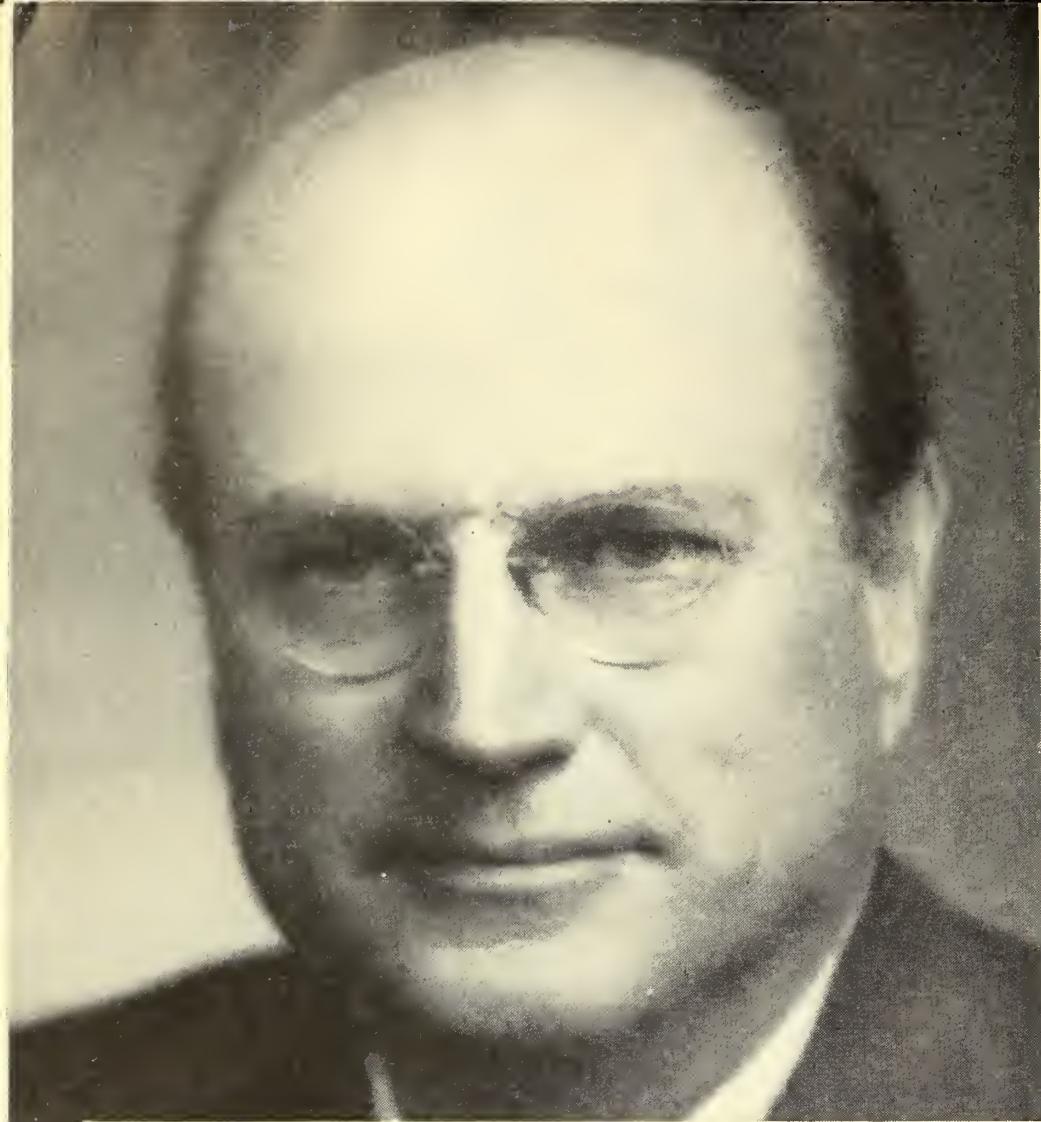
I accepted that invitation, and in the spring I returned to help Uncle Arny with his work and look for my own place.

I had thought a farmer's work consisted of plowing, planting, reaping, mowing, and so on. I found out my error. These are only the farmer's hobbies. His work consists of giving city people directions, pumping water for them, lending them food and plates for picnics, fixing their cars, scaring

away snakes, telling at length (in answer to their questions) why he is a farmer, how much he makes, why he wears such funny clothes and has such a hilarious accent, and listening in turn to recitals of what he is missing by living in the country and not in the city. Finally, he has to clean up the country after the visitors have left.

(Continued on page 32)





# A Business of Your Own

By **JAMES H. McGRAW, Jr.**

*President, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Inc.*

One of the country's outstanding business experts tells you what your chances are in starting your own store. Small business offers great opportunities for the individual, but it's no cinch to be your own boss

**I**N NOVEMBER 1945, Rocco (Rocky) Turso decided that a partially disabled ex-GI would do best in business for himself. So he founded Turso Home Appliances in Harrison, N. Y. (population about 15,000).

Rocky according to one of my reporters, had enlisted in the Army in 1940. He served in Panama, a while later became NCO in the 11th Engineers in the ETO. He got two battle stars, a Purple Heart, and five years of Army life. Today, aged 36, he is married, has two children, and is a member of American Legion Post 559. He is a solid booster of free enterprise — and of Rocky Turso as a free enterpriser.

Rocky had had some selling experience prior to the war, though his first real love had been construction. But when the building boom went sour during the depression, he became a salesman of Norge appliances, winning several prizes.

At war's end, he quickly went back to appliances. He found a store which he remodeled himself — with the help of a personal bank loan. GI financial aid got him his stock. All told, he started on around \$5,000 capital.

Business has been good for Rocky. It would, in fact, be even better if he could get more merchandise. He thinks 1948 will definitely put him over the hump — barring another war and another shortage of appliances.



Despite four competitors (two old, two new) Rocky thinks he can swing his venture.

"I got the know-how," he says. "I got credit with the bank. I'm not afraid to go out and sell, and I know how to do it. The main thing for me is to get the goods. The thing to remember is that a newcomer needs a franchise, credit, goods—and know-how—in about that order."

Thousands of ex-GI's like him have become proprietors of retail stores in the last three years. Just how many, nobody knows because we haven't had a full dress census lately. But in the past 18 months alone, 187,000 more stores have been added to the national total—some 20,000 more filling stations, for example; 8,000 more home furnishing stores; better than 2,000 more liquor stores. Many of these surely were founded by exservicemen.

All told, there are now 1,970,000 stores in the U. S. Ten years ago we had 1,800,000. But since population and purchasing power have risen a good bit in the last decade, the number of establishments doesn't seem to be out of line as yet.

Will they survive? Will the ardent young ex-GI businessmen be able to hold their own in less prosperous times?

Retailing, in its fashion, is as risky as Okinawa or the Ardennes. Most beginners don't realize that today.

They have never had to steer their way through a depression—or even just "normal" times. All their experience is boom experience, acquired when business conditions were so shiny that one retailer puts it this way: "I really would have had to put my mind on being stupid to go broke."

But pre-war, things were different. For its sobering effect, let's take a look at the era between 1929 and 1939, a mixture of boom and bust history.

We went into 1929 with around 1,476,000 retail stores. A year later, 200,000 of them were dead. In three years about 470,000 were gone; in 10 years 723,000—almost half—had succumbed. To be sure, these deaths were constantly being replaced by births, but that's small consolation to the businessman who had to lock up his shop, realize that he had failed, and face his creditors besides.

Incidentally, you do get a ray of hope from the fact that failure varies greatly by types of stores. For example: Combination grocery-meat stores, milk dealers, department stores, drug stores, and lumber-building materials dealers have a far lower death rate than the average. At the shaky end of the list are heating-plumbing shops, ice cream stands, electrical-supply stores, radio and combination stores, and women's accessories stores.

There's no point to all this dreary history, of course, unless, like a doctor, you learn something from dissecting a cadaver. Fortunately, a great deal of such analytical work has been going on in government and other agencies—and to good effect. Just as the average human today knows that his chances of succumbing to heart disease or cancer are high, so the GI retailer can readily learn what diseases his business is most likely to be susceptible to. He can then take precautions against them—now, while there is still time.

In the main, three vicious killers afflict the retailer. Remember them. They are:

1. Lack of enough money to keep going.
2. Lack of "know-how."
3. Human weakness—mainly the tendency to loaf and to dip into the cash box.

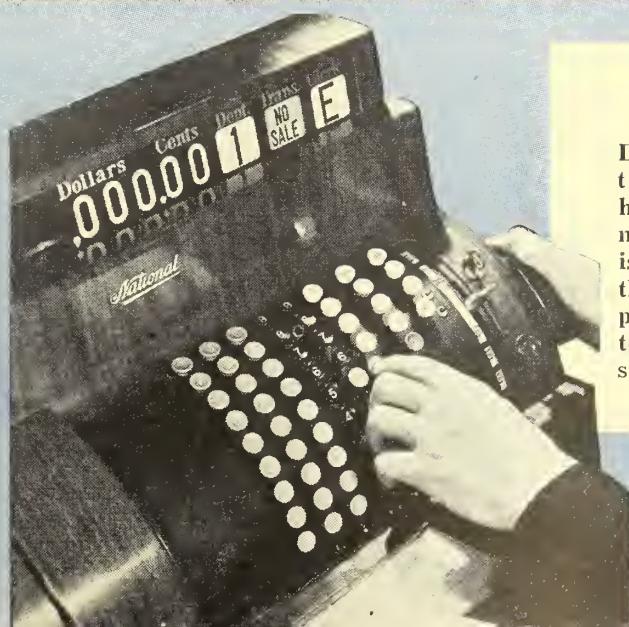
Some years ago, the Temporary National Economic Committee (set up during the Roosevelt administration to probe into our economic life) took a look at retail capital, and shuddered at the sight. TNEC found, for instance, that in a sample of Chicago meat store failures, average initial investments had ranged from only \$1,543 to \$2,386. By any standard, that's not enough money to provide even the tiniest safety margin. No wonder these stores failed!

(Continued on page 33)



Up and down the Main Streets of America, veterans are establishing business beachheads. Some will flourish, others will have a short life

Manufacturers want you to succeed and can give you much help. Here a Good-year representative helps a dealer plan his store layout to most effective use of floor space



Don't tap your own till. Many retailers have the idea that money in the register is profit, and forget that there are bills to pay. A better way is to put yourself on salary

Hire a plumber for an hour or so. His check-up may save replacement costs



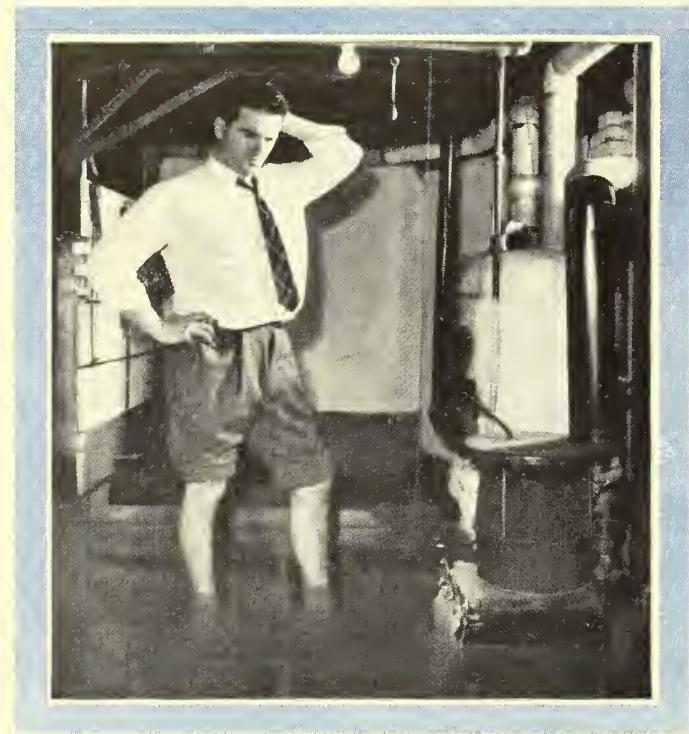
If windows stick something may be sagging where it's hard to get at

*A man who has helped to plan many homes tells you what to look for, and look out for, when you go house-hunting.*

By DARRELL HUFF

**W**HEN YOU BUY a house, old or new, you very likely are spending the biggest piece of money you will ever let go of at one time in your life. This article aims to reduce the gamble by showing you some of the things to kick at, jump on, pry loose, peek under, ask about or insist upon before you write the first of those many checks.

*"My new house has begun to topple over. There are wide swells in the floor, the sidewalk has begun to crack, and the wallpaper is coming off. I was desperate for a*



A wet cellar is hard to lick. Do not buy a house on a lot which slopes so that it pitches water into the basement



You may find a good buy in an old house, but remember that the cost of a house is what you pay plus necessary changes

There's more to a house than meets the eye, as the diagram on the next page shows. Whether you're building or buying it will pay you to know the parts of a house by name. Then talk to people who know house construction, and learn as much as you can about it. It will help when you get around to making "your biggest single purchase."

1. FLASHING	23. WALL STUDS	45. CINDER OR GRAVEL FILL	67. GRADE LINE	88. FLASHING
2. ROOF BOARDS	24. FLOOR PLATE	46. CONCRETE FLOOR SLAB	68. CONDUCTOR	89. WINDOW SASH
3. RAFTERS	25. FLOOR JOIST HEADER	47. MASONRY CHIMNEY	69. FOUNDATION WALL	90. DORMER
4. RIDGE BOARD	26. SILL PLATE	48. FLOOR JOISTS	70. CONCRETE SLAB	91. SHINGLES
5. CEILING JOISTS	27. BASEMENT SASH	49. ASH PIT CLEANOUT	71. BUILDING PAPER	92. SHINGLES
6. RAFTERS	28. BASEMENT AREAWAY	50. THIMBLE	72. SHEATHING	93. ROOFING PAPER
7. GABLE STUDS	29. GRADE LINE	51. FURNACE	73. STUDS	94. FLASHING
8. CEILING JOISTS	30. BUILDING PAPER	52. BRIDGING	74. LATH AND PLASTER	95. MASONRY CHIMNEY
9. ROOF BOARDS	31. SHEATHING	53. POST OR COLUMN	75. BEVEL SIDING	96. CEMENT CAP
10. WINDOW HEADER	32. JOIST HEADER	54. STAIR STRINGER	76. PORCH POST	97. CHIMNEY POT
11. ROUGH WINDOW OPENING	33. CINDER OR GRAVEL FILL	55. STAIR RISER	77. PORCH FRIEZE BOARD	98. CEILING CLIP
12. WINDOW SASH	34. WATERPROOFING	56. STAIR TREAD	78. FACIA OR CORNICE	99. MASONRY
13. WINDOW TRIM	35. CEMENT PLASTER	57. STAIR RAIL	79. BOARD	100. FURRING STRIPS
14. GABLE RAKE MOLDING	36. DRAIN TILE	58. CONCRETE FOOTING	80. GUTTER	101. LATH
15. WINDOW SILL	37. TARPAPER JOINT COVER	59. FOUNDATION WALL	81. CONDUCTOR	102. LATH
16. BEVEL SIDING	38. CEMENT COVE	60. DRAIN TILE	82. FRIEZE BOARD	103. PLASTER
17. CORNICE RETURN	39. ANCHOR BOLTS	61. CINDER OR GRAVEL FILL	83. GUTTER	104. PLASTER ARCH
18. GUTTER	40. FOUNDATION WALL	62. EARTH	84. SHEATHING	105. MANTEL
19. DRIP CAP MOLDING	41. CONCRETE FOOTING	63. WATERPROOFING	85. FACIA BOARD	106. HEARTH
20. SHUTTERS	42. WOOD SUB-FLOOR	64. CEMENT PLASTER	86. TOP PLATES	107. CASED ARCH
21. CORNER STUDS	43. FLOORING FELT	65. SILL PLATE	87. RAFTERS	108. PARTITION
22. DIAGONAL BRACING	44. FINISH FLOORING	66. JOIST HEADER	88. WINDOW SILL	

# HOME BUYER SHOULD KNOW

home, but how I wish I could get my hands on that builder!" . . . Letter from a Boston veteran to the VA.

As a matter of fact it is hard to build a house so poorly that it will fall to pieces, but a few contractors capable of doing just that seem to be crawling out of the woodwork these desperate days. Many a house is being so unskillfully (or stingily) put together that it soon begins to swell or crack or sag or spread. This can produce falling plaster, dampness, insects, binding doors, sticking windows, and a general impression of impending disaster.

I know an architect who weighs a little more than 200 pounds. He can tell in a second how well braced the floor of a house is: he just comes down hard on one foot in the middle of a room. Make that your first test.

Then try the doors and windows. If they stick, especially the tops of doors, something may be sagging in the framing where it will be hard to get at. Get a little more dope on this by sticking your nose into several places the real-estate man hadn't expected you to go. Inspect the joining of timbers wherever they are exposed—in basement and attic and under the house. It won't hurt anything to kick at the joints while you're about it. Even the ones that look good may be loose or decayed.

If the house is quite old, jab your pocket knife into timbers here and there. If it goes in easily, the wood is "dozy"—rotted beyond usefulness. The timbers you can't get at may be in equally bad shape.

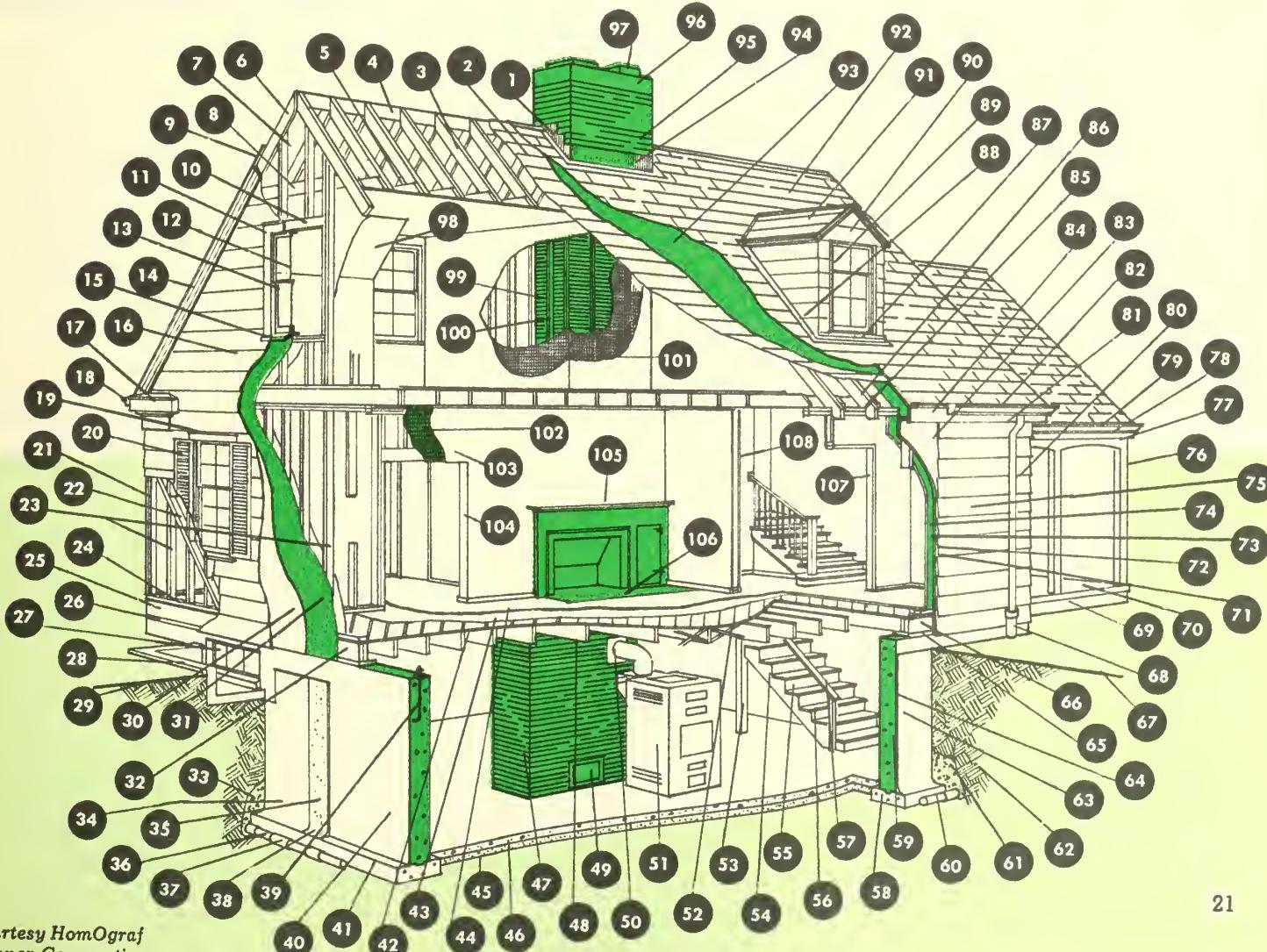
Climb up on the roof. Try not to fall off if you find the shingles are as

bad as home-owners often find them.

Since pretty nearly all the structural points of a house are hidden, you can get your best idea of its general condition only by standing back and squinting. Is the foundation line straight? How about the roof line? Are the eaves straight? Sagging and out-of-plumb members are sure signs that something has gone wrong in the framing. They are likely to foreshadow costly rebuilding.

Now these tests won't help you much with a new house. It may wait to do its sagging after you move in.

With a new house, you'd better inspect the builder. How is his reputation? If he is building other houses at the moment, go look at them. Take a carpenter along and pay him for an hour or two of his time. He can tell you in a (Continued on page 30)



The newest big-time American spectacle is seeking to spank itself...before the law and the fans force reforms

# Will Midget Racing Clean House?

By H. WIEAND BOWMAN

A GROUP OF desperate men met in Chicago during the dying days of this last March and signed away their rights to run their business as they might please. The men were the most responsible leaders of America's newest big-time spectacle, midget auto racing. They formed a National Automobile Racing League to control their many new member associations from coast to coast. They drew up a constitution and by-laws to save midget racing from its own afflictions and handed over their previous powers to an outsider.

They granted arbitrary authority over their affairs to Major General Phillip Hayes of Baltimore. General Hayes is a one time director of athletics at West Point, was the War Two commander of the 3rd Service Command and the man in charge of the troops who once took over Philadelphia's struck transportation system. To the General the members of the new racing league gave the power to fine them, suspend them, expel them, cancel their contracts or bar them from their means of livelihood—and they put it in writing so that the General could enforce his private decisions in the law courts if necessary.

Another American sports czar had been created—the czar of midget racing. And America's millions of midget racing fans said, "Amen!"

The General and the new League have a job on their hands. It is different but no less difficult than the task faced by the late Judge Kenesaw

Mountain Landis when he assumed single-handed control of organized baseball. Although midget racing has, since 1933, come out of nowhere to become the fifth largest spectator draw in America the new czar and his contrite appointers know they face the tough job of changing a spectacle to an organized sport. For now, on its fifteenth birthday, the customers and participants are finding numerous faults with their game and State Legislatures are considering controlling or abolishing midget racing. Yet poor leadership, or rather lack of leadership, brought the game to this sad state in the flush of its youth, and good leadership can still save it.

General Hayes and the NARL have a host of problems to meet, but three



Fatal accidents occurred by the score

stand out. They must, and can achieve the following:

- Cut down the appalling list of deaths and injuries in midget racing.
- Prevent the habitual sanctioning and billing of false "championships."
- Re-emphasize competition, rather than sheer speed.

Midget racing fans love their pet.

Most sports have one acknowledged champion. Racing fans have been getting suspicious of midget "national championships" which any promoter might proclaim

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COMPETITION  
—DRAKES, ETC.

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Qualifying Trials, Sept. 20 (12 noon) — Free to Public

CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC CLIMAXING 1947 SEASON  
with 24 of the Nation's Fastest Midget Cars Taking the Flag, and  
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In midget races last year. Critics said better rules and management would eliminate most of them

The formula of keen competition, gaudy color, plenty of noise, plus spins, spills and crashes at tire-screaming speed on mini-ovals has won a tremendous following. Yet, offsetting the thrills has been the conduct of the races, noteworthy for too much death, too much fraud and too little responsibility. And while the game has been riding swiftly in a cloud of dust to its own funeral nobody has taken the lead, until now, to do the few simple things that would save it.

Midget racing is dangerous, yet not

all tracks have doctors or ambulances. Some have suicide "safety" rails, placed at head rather than hub height, just dandy for cracking skulls and breaking necks rather than offering protection. Few are designed with much thought for safety. Many drivers have been striving for higher and higher speed, forgetting that it is competition, not velocity, that makes the thrills. And midget drivers died last year in large numbers and with little fanfare.

The reform of midget racing would have been a fine subject for a news-

paper crusade. Yet the press, which will go to great lengths "for the good of the game" to clean up something which endangers a sport connected with gambling, has yawned in the face of the story of the decade.

When Jimmy Doyle died in the ring during a prize fight with Sugar Ray Robinson in Cleveland last summer it was an event of national concern, spread across the sports pages in huge, black headlines. The deaths of midget auto drivers got no such public attention. They occurred by the dozens and got an inch here and an inch there, with no ringing editorials. By their numbers, rather than the size of their headlines, midget deaths cast an obituary pall on the sports pages.

A list of some of the better known midget racers who were killed in, or died as a result of, crack-ups in 1947 includes: Duke Elliott and Al Duffy at Freeport, N. Y.; Joe Minyon at Lanham, Md.; Hap Pierson at Allentown, Pa.; Walt Walsek at Paterson, N. J.; Jack Walkup at Dover, Ohio; Harry Hart at Philadelphia; Steve Jars at Mahonoy City, Pa.; Bernie Fox at Winston Salem, N. C.; Sod Saunders at Indianapolis; Frank Stauber at Chicago; George Seltzer at Ebensburg, Pa.; John Marchand at Manchester, N. H.; George Koch at Tulsa, Oklahoma; George Osten at Sun Prairie, Wisconsin; Jerry Hoveland at Farmington, Ill.; Lynn Deister at San Francisco; Teddy Klooz at Kokomo, Ind.; Clay Roberts at Salem, Ind.; Frank Hanley, Eddie Casterline and Fernando Facenda at Seekonk, R. I.; and Jeep Colkitt at Bridgeport, Conn.

That is only a partial list. The names of those who received severe but not fatal injuries would take pages to enumerate. Some of the racing associations protected injured drivers financially to some extent. One of the best is the American Race Drivers Club, a Middle Atlantic States drivers' association. Its president, Mike Joseph, explained last October that, by then, 1947's ARDC payment in benefits and hospitalization was \$86,000 for a total membership of only 300 drivers, and at that time he figured the bill for the entire year would come to over \$100,000. Not all drivers belonged to such a good association — and money payment does not stop violent accidents.

At least a part of ARDC's hospitalization expenditures could be blamed on the association itself for permitting its drivers to compete on acknowledged unsafe tracks.

Red Hogeland, an ARDC driver, likes to tell the story of the time he competed at the Hatfield, Pa. Fair Grounds. According to Red, the dust was so thick (Continued on page 48)

## Midget Auto Laws Asked; Three Die

BOSTON, March 29 (AP).—Declaring that three men were killed in four months at a Seekonk midget auto racing track, District Attorney J. Edward Lajoie of the Southern District today asked the Legislature for laws to supervise such tracks.

Lajoie said midget auto racing was one of the most dangerous forms of sport in the state.

FISHING BOATS

## Commissioner for Midget Auto Racing

Chicago, March 29 (A. P.)—The newly formed National Automobile Racing League planned to appoint a commissioner today to rule midget auto racing.

The league, organized yesterday at a meeting of representatives of fifty-five tracks and ten midget driver association groups, has drafted a constitution which will be recommended for adoption before adjournment.

Irving Fried, operator of the Yellowjacket stadium and speedway in Philadelphia, was

Midget racing's plowmen are moving public opinion or control of their sport. On the sun-dappled racing and promoters decided to appoint a czar in Chicago, the State was asked to interfere in Massachusetts.

# SILENT WOMEN OF THE LEGION



Massachusetts Auxiliaries minister to a paraplegic patient. Nationally, 5000 of these devoted women perform services for disabled veterans every day, every year

By MRS. LEE W. HUTTON  
NATIONAL PRESIDENT,  
THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY



In almost total obscurity  
our wives, mothers, daughters  
and sisters do the Legion's  
work where it counts most

AT A RECENT gathering several Legionnaires on Post Membership Committees commented on the fact that if a veteran has to enter a VA hospital the chances are he will want to join the Legion when he comes out, because there he sees at first hand the work that the Legion does for disabled veterans.

This remark was passed on to a conference of the Legion's male field secretaries, with the intention of praising them for the fine work they were doing. The field Secretaries thanked their flatterer and then said:

"Oh, don't tell that to us; tell it to the Auxiliary!"

The Field Secretaries knew, as their flatterer didn't, that the man in the hospital, the down-and-out veteran at home, the impoverished widows and orphans of veterans, do not think of The American Legion so much in terms of the Posts, the housing programs, the administrative work, the adjudication of claims before the VA or the many other things Posts and Departments do. They think more often of the volunteer women workers of the Auxiliary who appear at their bedsides in the hospitals, or in their homes in time of need.

Nobody has ever been able to tell

the story of the work of the Auxiliary as it should be told, and nobody ever will—for each case is a novel in itself, a full drama of human life which, if merged with all the others, invariably comes out as a small piece of a set of statistics.

I want to tell that full story as well as I can—and I cannot avoid the statistics. Will you forgive me for that? Will you remember that every time I use a number, each unit represents either a human heart that is beating or the work of one or many such hearts?

Look first of all at the 124 veteran's hospitals in our country as well as all the other hospitals where veterans are receiving care. If you examine the record you will find that Auxiliary hospital workers serve more than 382,350 hours just in one year. Each one of these hospital workers has been trained in one of the 270 hospital visitors schools conducted by the American Legion Auxiliary in cooperation with the Veterans Administration. Bright and trim in their special uniforms they are on duty whatever the assignment may be. You'll find one writing letters for an amputee, another feeding a paraplegic patient and still a third making arrangements for a special ward party. These and other chores too numerous to mention are done by the 5,000 Auxiliary women serving the disabled.

In the course of a year thousands of birthday cakes are baked and taken to these same hospitals so each man will know someone remembered his birthday. And at Christmas time you will see the Auxiliary women in their attractive uniforms distributing gifts in the name of The American Legion. Each man receives a gift valued at a dollar, plus other remembrances—not a large gift in itself but an amazing total in terms of nation-wide hospital service. Then take another look at Christmas time at one of the finest pieces of rehabilitation, to quote an official of the Veterans Administration:

"As your Legion Auxiliary women set up the Christmas gift shop, look at the boy in the wheel chair. He has not taken a step for the months he has been in the hospital. Then look at the voluntary hospital worker who wheels him into the Christmas gift shop. He sees a model airplane there on the table. His face lights up, before your eyes a miracle happens: he is out of the chair and walking toward that model airplane saying, 'Oh, I would like that gift for my Jimmy.' He picks it up and walks back to his wheel chair cradling it in his arms. The hospital worker wraps it for him, places in it a Christmas card with his 'Love (Continued on page 39)



Auxiliary Mrs. J. E. Statham turns over to blinded War One vet Brinson Terrell material for the poppies he makes at the VA hospital at Lake City, Florida



Arnold J. Hampel, Garner, Iowa, is one of thousands of bed patients who make poppies to be sold by the Auxiliary, thereby helping themselves and other disabled vets



In 44 Departments the Auxiliary conducts a Girls State program for citizenship training. Here a group of Staters find relaxation in a swimming party





HOLLYWOOD SPECIALIZES in making big pictures, the kind of pictures that publicity men label stupendous, colossal, terrific and tremendous. Sometimes, as you know, such big pictures turn out to be less than the studios would have you believe.

But soon you'll be seeing a movie which, in my book, merits all kinds of superlatives. The title of this film is *Make Mine Freedom*. It has no stars because it's a cartoon. It runs only ten minutes. But it does the finest job this reviewer has ever seen of taking the most vital subject of the day, dressing it up in Sunday clothes, and putting it over as entertainment.

Very briefly, it is the story of a workman, a capitalist, a politician and a farmer who find fault with the way things are being run. Along comes a quack with some bottles of *Ism* which he claims will cure all their ills. But to get the *ism* they must sign away their freedom. They are about to do so when John Q. Public shows them up for the suckers they are and they turn on the quack *ism* peddler.

A picture like this could have been



Madeleine Carroll, Vet-of-the-Month, makes her first film in five years

just another piece of flag-waving propaganda, and the mere thought of it, even among good Americans, would have spelled dull entertainment. Such is not the case. While it is about the serious world problem, Communism vs. Freedom, it is also superb entertainment. It is done in the Walt Disney style in technicolor. The artists did a magnificent job which makes this film, technically, far superior to the usual run-of-the-mill cartoons. Even the dialogue represents a masterful way of handling a non-entertaining subject in an entertaining way. Not the documentary treatment, mind you, but as entertainment.

The result is that this vital subject is so dressed up that it should appeal to all ages and all tastes. It strikes me



*Make Mine Freedom* is the entertaining cartoon dramatization of the struggle between Communism and Freedom

as an excellent way to get across this message to children, and it may be well for all Legionnaires to arrange for their kiddies to see it. After you see it I hope you'll take time to write M-G-M of your appreciation. That is one way of stimulating the production of more such films.

Incidentally, M-G-M didn't make the picture. Harding College of Searcy, Arkansas, had it made by a professional studio. The results were so good that the college felt the nation should see it. So M-G-M, which has the outlets for widespread showings, bought it. So maybe a note to the college is in order, too.

\* \* \*

For a time it looked as though *Command Performance*, famed hour-

long, Hollywood transcribed, war-born radio show for servicemen and hospitalized vets, might go off the air July 1. Support for the show had lagged so much among radio, screen and stage personalities that the picture looked dark for a while. Then Lt. Col. Robert E. Kearney, commandant of the Armed Forces Radio Service, who handles this and 150 other shows per week for the boys, told the town why it was so important to continue, and the town came to the rescue. So the show goes on. The officer feels the show is most necessary to sell Americanism to the young troops abroad, for the morale of troops on foreign soil, and to cheer hospitalized G. I.'s and vets.

The work (Continued on page 35)

# LEGION NEWSLETTER

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

July 1948

ON-JOB CEILINGS RAISED: When President Truman, on May 4th, signed the bill raising the income "ceilings" of veteran trainees under the GI Bill, it gave a welcome pay boost of up to \$90 a month for many vets. . . . Now known as Public Law 512, 80th Congress, this bill increases the ceiling for all training, including full time institutional and class room education. . . . It affects some two and a half million veterans, but the principal benefits are centered on the 749,000 vets in job-training establishments. . . . Under new law vet without dependents has ceiling raised from \$175 a month to \$210; with one dependent from \$200 to \$270, and to \$290 if more than one dependent. . . . This means that a single veteran training on job may earn up to \$145 a month and still draw the full \$65 Government-paid subsistence allowance. . . . Vets with dependents have subsistence allowance of \$90; thus a vet with one dependent may earn \$180, or with more than one dependent, \$200, before cut-back is made in Government allowance. . . . Increases are retroactive to April 1, 1948. . . . VA announces that first increases in pay check should come through on July 1 and the rest a month later. . . . VA also urges veterans in education and training programs not to clog mails and delay procedure by writing VA office asking how to qualify for increased benefits. . . . Higher rates will be paid automatically to trainees whose papers contain information necessary to certify them for increase. . . . When additional information is needed, trainee will receive a form from VA.

\* \* \* \*

JUNIOR BASEBALL: Babe Ruth, baseball's No. 1 hero, signed up once more as consultant in the Legion's Junior Baseball program, started his tours in late June. . . . Last year the Bambino traveled more than 40,000 miles for personal appearances in promoting Legion Junior baseball, under a contract with Ford Motor Company. . . . Junior World Series will be played at Victory Field, Indianapolis, September 6-10 with big shots from the major leagues in the grandstand. . . . Americanism Director Tom Sawyer announces that 64 graduates of Legion's Junior Baseball are freshmen in major league competition this year. . . . Total number of graduates in big league play is now about 275.

NEW RATING SCHEDULE: Of special interest to Legion Service Officers is announcement that VA will soon have a supplement or extension to 1945 schedule for rating disabilities. . . . This new issue will include many recommendations made by the Legion Rehabilitation staff to cure inequities and make additions and adjustments in certain disabilities.

\* \* \* \*

BICYCLE SAFETY CAMPAIGN: Alarmed at the increasing number of bicycle accidents, most of them at night in collision with motor vehicles, safety-conscious Connecticut Legionnaires in late March inaugurated a bicycle safety campaign that has already paid off in big dividends. . . . Nutmeggers have some 50,000 bikes in use on the streets and highways and had an accident rate, because of traffic congestion, all out of proportion. . . . Legion Safety Chairman Robert E. Keefe set his Committee to work on several plans, including distribution of free reflectors. . . . The Committee came up with a plan to equip every bike in the State with reflectorized tape to make them shine at night, and to make the bicycle visible from many yards when auto headlights strike the narrow tape. . . . Thus the "Lite-A-Bike" safety program was launched in late March with 62 Posts in the campaign. . . . Funds were raised or appropriated from the treasury; newspapers and radio stations gave strong publicity support, speakers were sent into the schools--and the result during the first month was startling. . . . Of the 50,000 registered bikes, the Legion equipped 19,300 with the safety tape at a cost of about 15 cents each. . . . Auto-bicycle collision reports decreased in number from the first day. . . . The program is already spreading to other States.

\* \* \* \*

BOYS' FORUM: High School lads from all over the country will gather in Washington for the Legion's third annual Boys' Forum of National Government, to be held on the campus of American University, July 30 to August 5. . . . In a change of policy, the delegates to the Forum this year will be limited to those who have attended a Boys' State in their own Department. . . . The number of Boys' States has increased to 46 this year.

DEPARTMENT CONVENTIONS: The convention season opens in earnest in July, with nine Departments in session:.... They are: Alabama, Birmingham, 4-6; Panama, Gatun, C. Z., 10-11; North Dakota, Devils Lake, 11-13; Mississippi, Jackson, 11-14; Louisiana, New Orleans, 16-18; Kentucky, Lexington, 19-21; New Mexico, Hot Springs, 22-24; Vermont, St. Albans, 22-25; and Wisconsin, Milwaukee, July 31-August 1.

\* \* \* \*

PERSONALITIES: Cornelius "Pat" O'Leary, formerly of New Orleans, is Commander of James A. Burns Post No. 1, Seoul, Korea, and his wife, Mrs. Edith O'Leary, chief nurse, is Post Historian.... Two Sergeants and a Corporal, all of 117th Ammunition Train, WW 1's famed Rainbow (42d) Division, and all members of Boerstler-May Legion Post, run the city of Chanute, Kansas. Sgt. John Hargrave, Mayor, is also Post Finance Officer; Sgt. W. Marcus Barbee, Finance Commissioner, is a Past Commander, and Corp. George Wood, Street and Utilities Commissioner an active Post member.... Five Siebel brothers--Eddie, Ray, Herman, Jr., Clarence and Charles -- recruited by Membership Chairman Charles Jorgensen, were inducted into West-Field Post, Beloit, Wisconsin, at one ceremony. The five Siebels are overseas veterans, two Air Corps, two Navy, and one Infantry.... Miss Miriam D. Grim, former Captain, WAC, now a VA Stenographic supervisor and member of Pennsylvania Railroad Post, Philadelphia, has been awarded the Order of Yun Hui (Order of the Cloud Banner) by the Chinese Government for her meritorious service in the Supply Division, India-Burma theatre.

\* \* \* \*

MODEL PLANE COMPETITION: Model plane enthusiasts from 40 States and from Canada and Mexico will hold the 17th annual National Model Airplane Championship Meet at the U. S. Navy Station, Olathe, Kansas, August 4-8.... The big show is sponsored by Earl Collier Post 153, The American Legion, and Olathe Chamber of Commerce, with official backing of the Navy.... It is expected that 1,200 contestants will participate in the 51 competitive events.

\* \* \* \*

SCHOOL MEDAL WINNERS DINE: For nearly a score of years York (Pennsylvania) Post has been awarding School Award Medals to outstanding youngsters in the York schools.... It wanted to know what is happening to these medalists, and a dinner seemed to be the best way to get them together.... 150 responded to the invitation, with Eddie Linsky, Pennsylvania's Adjutant, as the guest speaker.... It was found that the lad who won the first School Award Medal is now a member of York Post.... He, with 16 fellow Legionnaire-medalists formed a

team to make future presentations.... The School Award dinner will be continued as an annual affair.

\* \* \* \*

BIG BUSINESS: Omaha (Nebraska) Post No. 1 is a big unit and it does big things in a big way.... With a membership stretching up toward the 20,000 mark, biggest in all the Legion, the Post has a staff of 109 paid employees to carry on the service activities, man the clubhouses, get out a weekly newspaper, and whatnot.... The monthly payroll exceeds \$15,000. \* \* \* \*

MEDALS FOR DECEASED SERVICEMEN: Service medals earned by men and women who died in service can be obtained by next-of-kin by applying to The Adjutant General's Office, Demobilized Personnel Records Branch, Building 105, Records Administration Center, St. Louis 20, Missouri..... Medals available are American Defense, WW2 Victory, and Asiatic-Pacific, Europe-African-Middle Eastern and American theater.... Applicant should give full name, rank, unit last served with, and serial number of the deceased.

\* \* \* \*

DOCS AND MEDICS: A service unit with an ambitious program is DOCS and MEDICS Post No. 196 of 2008 West Passyunk Avenue, Philadelphia 45, Pennsylvania. .... Sparked by Commander Bill Flowman, (Pharmacist Mate, both World Wars), the unit seeks to enroll all unattached eligibles who fought their war with any branch of the medical, dental or associated services, including chaplains with medical or hospital units.... A permanent clubhouse and general headquarters for a widespread membership, with special significance for medics, is the main objective.

\* \* \* \*

GOLD STAR BUTTONS: A Gold Star lapel button for wear by relatives of servicemen and women who died in service between December 7, 1941, and July 25, 1947, is ready for distribution.... Law authorizes issue of button to widow, widower, each parent without cost.... It is furnished at cost to each child, step-child, whole or half-brother or sister.... Plan of local distribution has not been announced.... Applications for Army and Air Force may be made to The Adjutant General U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.... For Navy, Marines and Coast Guard to Chief, Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.

\* \* \* \*

WAR 1 DRAFT RECORDS: All personnel records of men who registered under the draft law for WW1.... except registration cards.... have been destroyed to make room for more current files.... Registration cards have been transferred from the Army to the Census Bureau.



# LIFE IN THE OPEN

## A Feature of Fun, Fact and Fancy for Outdoorsmen

CONDUCTED BY  
**ARTHUR CARHART**

● We often wonder how many men don't realize that it is possible to own and enjoy an outboard motor even if they lack a boat or a private lakesite. A good example is a New York doctor, a typical apartment dweller who carries a small outboard motor in the trunk of his car. Every summer weekend he and his small son go to a different lake or pond in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut or Pennsylvania, rent a rowboat by the hour, attach the motor and make a day of it, fishing or exploring.

● Can you tie this? . . . Mack Soderback and I left our canoe at a portage one night and a black bear came along, barked his shins on the canoe, lost his temper, slapped the canoe twenty feet, bit and cracked the gunwale and chewed a four-inch hole through the canvas and cedar hull.

● Success Story: Legionnaire Leonard Doak writes from the VA Hospital at Rutland Heights, Mass., to tell of a vet who was convalescing there and wondering how he was going to support his family. While resting and worrying he took to tying trout flies as a pastime. A visiting Legionnaire showed some of the flies to friends at his Post. Many of them placed orders. The patient is out of the hospital now and he and his wife are doing a successful mail order business in lures, thanks to his art and the Legion's push. They're so busy his wife has had to learn the fly-tying skill too.

● New item: There's a refrigerator bag out for totin' perishables in the woods. Has no sharp corners, is easy to pack in auto or boat, holds 15 pounds of ice, has washable plastic lining and rolls up when empty.

● This year's Federal Duck Stamp is on sale at \$1, starting July 1st, at first and

second class post offices. It shows three bufflehead ducks in flight, must be affixed to licenses before gunning for migratory waterfowl.

● Hint: When lake water is warm, bass aren't apt to strike on the surface. Deep lures are prescribed, ones that sink to cooler water and are retrieved submerged.

● Oddity: Wendell Bever, Colorado wildlife investigator, saw four young antelope turn on two coyotes not long ago. They cornered one and gave him an awful bullying and beating. When the hapless coyote finally broke loose all four antelope set out over a hill after him, and that's the last Bever saw of them.

### Thing Overboard!

When a reel or other object is lost over the side of a boat it is sometimes difficult to see because of sunlight on the



surface. If it happens to you try this. Mark the spot with a location buoy (sinker, string and bobber.) Return after dark with a lighted flashlight in a glass jar. Weight the jar with enough sand or gravel to sink it, screw the lid on tight and lower it on a string. The light may show up the lost object clearly, and you can use gang hooks to retrieve it.

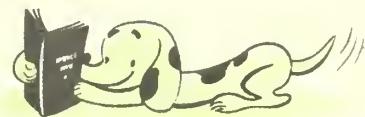
● Skish is a game for fishermen comparable to the gun addict's Skeet. Targets are set up on the water where fly and bait casters can pitch lures at them, getting points for distance and accuracy. If you or your Post want to take this up seriously, write the National Skish Board,

509 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 5, Illinois, for full info.

● Two things don't help a camping trip . . . a dull ax and a dull companion.

● Something fairly new is small boats with aluminum hulls. They have a lot of advantages, such as no rust, no rot, easy repair, light weight, etc.

● Recently a coon hunter wrote Ohio authorities that his dogs didn't seem able to follow a scent across a cultivated field as easily as in the good old days. He asked if this was due to commercial fertilizer being used. Dr. Martin, head of the State game management division, believes not, but added that if the hounds were trying to follow a trail across a tobacco field they might very well go "nuts."



### OUTDOOR BOOKS

**A Bird Dog Book** Ray Holland needs by an Old Master room when he writes. The former editor of *Field and Stream* magazine is full of anecdotes, experiences and observations. He has an ear for American dialect, an eye for seeing the thing that counts and an understanding of outdoor things—particularly dogs, birds and people—that is about tops in the country. It is no wonder, then, that given 204 pages in his new book, *Bird Dogs*, Ray has produced some swell reading. Once again Holland (who has a lot of good books behind him) has made a "textbook" that is good story-book stuff also. It sells for \$5, which is a lot unless you're a bird-dog man at heart. If you are you couldn't get better or more informative reading for the money and you need this volume for your library. A. S. Barnes & Co. published *Bird Dogs* this spring. At your bookstore or through the Legion Book Service. Write in title and author on the coupon on page 55.

**The Mysterious Art of Surf Fishing** Another new volume in the Barnes Sports Library is

a little but helpful \$1.50 book called *Surf Fishing*, by Vlad Evanoff. Not much has been written in book form on this favorite sport of men who line our two ocean coasts, standing in the surf with their boots on during summer evenings, yanking game fish out of the brine, or hoping to.

Evanoff's book is a straight and useful "how to" volume covering tackle, casting, surf conditions, baits, lures, care and repair of equipment. He gives special attention to striped bass, channel bass, weakfish, bluefish, "mixed bag," and "special problems." At your bookstore or available through the Legion Book Service. Write in title and author on coupon on page 55.

THE END



## By W. H. B. SMITH

The following questions and answers deal with subjects on which this Department receives an unusually large volume of mail. It is impossible to reply promptly and individually to all letters, since many require checking and research.

**Q. I am interested in guns. Can I get a job in the arms industry?**

**A.** The answer depends on you personally. If you have the necessary combination of patience, aptitude, skill and willingness to do a day's work for a good day's pay, there are many opportunities in such specialties as hand fitting, finishing, polishing, engraving, checkering, etc. If you can qualify, there may be a good opening for you as a trainee. Factories are finding it hard to get suitable men for training. Recently one of our largest manufacturers told me that his plant had hired 35 men as special trainees for critical hand finishing, the art that makes the difference between just a good gun and a really fine one. At the end of the first month only 3 were left! The rest had either quit because the training period was too monotonous or too much like work, or had been unable to acquire the necessary skills.

If you are looking for something "dramatic" or "romantic" in the arms industry, quit kidding yourself! You get good pay for doing good work, but you must not delude yourself with the false idea that there is anything dramatic in the work. And if you happen to be one of the million gun bugs with an idea how to make a better gun, remember that manufacturers figure it costs them about \$200,000 just to tool up for a new pistol! Any new ideas you may have—if they actually happen to be new, which isn't likely—must be good to get attention.

The arms industry isn't large as American industries go. Nevertheless, we wonder if they couldn't learn a lot from the watchmaker Arde Bulova, and develop arms training schools for handicapped veterans to learn special skills. These men, it seems to us, would appreciate an opportunity such as this.

If you are interested in such matters, why not write to the Personnel Department of the plant in which you might like to work?

**Q. Should ball ammunition ever be used for Post ceremonial firing?**

**A.** Legionnaire Tom Nichols of Santa Rosa, N. M., covers this question in his recent letter to this department. Having heard of several cases where Posts had been using ball cartridges, he checked some of the rifles used and found that the actions were old and the headspace so sketchy it was actually dangerous. Aside from the danger of bullets landing someplace they shouldn't, using ball ammunition in ceremonial rifles is risky

business unless competent ordnance personnel or gunsmiths have certified the particular rifles used. Remember that when the Ordnance Department issued the ceremonial rifles, it did not intend them to be used except with blanks.

**Q. How good are the foreign pistols now coming into the U. S.?**

**A.** Spanish Astra pistols now being sold here are the most modern designs in pocket automatic pistols. They are excellently made of the finest materials and have special safety and design factors not found in any other makes. Built to "finger-point" like the obsolete American Savage pistols, these new Astras would be a credit to any manufacturer anywhere. They have automatic and manual safeties, loading indicators, and an excellent feed system.

Italian Beretta pistols are well made of good materials, but are considerably below the Spanish Astra in finish and tolerances. In design they simply do not compare, being pre-war types. Italian Bernadelli pistols are well made and much better finished than the Berettas, notable for their extremely small size.

Czech CZ pistols are poorly finished by pre-war standards for that factory. The design is modified from the pocket Mauser, and while it is reasonably efficient, it lacks an automatic safety and has a poorly designed external hammer.

The only other pocket autos currently available are the Belgian Meliors. These are well made of excellent materials, and come equipped with adequate automatic and manual safeties.

**Q. How can I find out about antique guns I own? And how can I sell them or find out what they are worth?**

**A.** Antique arms are in a field by themselves. Primary information sources include: National Rifle Assn. of America, Washington, D.C.; National Muzzle Loading Assn., Portsmouth, Ohio; Southern Calif. Arms Collectors Assn., 113½ North Main Street, Santa Ana, Calif.; and the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee.

Good professional full time dealers who buy and sell include: Robert Abels, 860 Lexington Ave., NYC; Miller Bedford, New London, Ohio; F. Theodore Dexter, Topeka, Kansas; Kimball Arms Co., Woburn, Mass.; Martin Retting, West Hurley, N. Y.; and Harold Young, Kearney, N. J. The catalogs and lists put out by these dealers will give you an idea of the value of most off-trail arms.

**Q. How can I learn the meaning of proof marks on guns?**

**A.** There is only one good source in English for this information at this time, that is the booklet by Lieut. Col. Calvin G. Goddard entitled *Proof Tests and Proof Marks*, available through Ray Riling, 6844 Gorsten Street, Philadelphia.

## WHAT EVERY HOMEBUYER SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 21)

hurry whether this contractor believes in straight, decently dry lumber, properly framed joists, adequate toenailing (nails are cheap, but they're also scarce), doubling joists and studs where needed, and all the other little things that will keep a house standing true.

### HOW'S THE PLAN?

"They call it modern, but it's not arranged any better than the house I grew up in back in Iowa. Only it's smaller and kind of shaky." . . . Fortyish woman at showing of prefabricated houses in Los Angeles.

Even if a house is structurally sound, you may someday have to spend a lot of money to tear it down and rebuild it to get a comfortable living arrangement.

The best way to judge the plan of a house is to visualize yourself living in it—cooking, cleaning, entertaining, perhaps taking care of a baby. You can see why this is a point on which the woman of the family should be permitted the decisive vote.

Start with the kitchen, the work center of the home. Can range, sink and refrigerator be placed close enough together to save steps, yet permit sufficient work surface? Is the dining room handy to the kitchen? Is there eating space in the kitchen?

Is the living room big enough for whatever entertaining you contemplate? Can you easily tear out the partition between it and the dining room and make them one big room? Is there a closet near the front door? Is a bathroom reasonably handy to living room and kitchen?

If there's to be a baby in this house, what about downstairs sleeping space for it? Are there decent closets in bedrooms? Is there storage space for screens and lawnmower and garden tools and outdoor toys?

Be especially critical of the arrangement of a very small house. A badly arranged big house may be tolerable, but an awkward little one will soon seem as jammed as a sardine tin.

If the house is fifteen years old or more, you can accept old-fashioned planning with reasonable cheerfulness. But if you are buying a post-1930 house, you are probably paying new-house prices for it, and you should insist on something better.

### HOW'S THE SITE?

"My lot slopes down from the street, water runs into the basement." . . . Former Seabee, Queens Village, N. Y.

You can see some of the things that make a homesite good or bad, but more of them you cannot. And remember: you can remodel a house, but no amount of money will improve a location.

You want a lot big enough for a family to enjoy, one that doesn't pitch water into the basement, that provides some kind of shade, privacy and protection for outdoor living. Maybe you want garden space.

For the sake of resale value, avoid a house that is too good or too bad, too

old or too new, too big or too little for its neighborhood.

Talk to your potential neighbors. You want to know what they are like for one thing, and you need to know many things that they can tell you. Will you be handy enough to schools, church, shopping, bus or streetcar lines? Are you sometimes downwind from a smoky factory or smelly packing plant? Are you near a busy street or highway, with its noise and danger to children?

There's even a matter of climate to consider. Some parts of a town are favored by breezes that may miss other sections. Other things that can help are a near-by body of water or lots of trees or grass in the neighborhood.

If there are restrictions on the property, be sure to look into them questioningly — don't just accept them. There may, for instance, be a restriction against use of the property by members of certain races or religions. If you don't think that kind of thing belongs in a democracy, you may later be ashamed of having approved it by buying into such a neighborhood.

#### DOES IT LEAK?

*"During a rain the water comes in as if the door wasn't there. . . . My baby has come down with pneumonia. . . . I have found worms crawling along the mildew." . . . Letter to VA from a veteran's wife in Lawton, Oklahoma.*

Even a house that seems well built may leak badly in a heavy storm. Fortunately, water leaves traces behind that a careful search can spot.

Look for stains on ceilings and walls and around windows and doors. Check particularly to see if iron in contact with the cellar floor has rusted badly — an indication of flooding which you may not be able to stop.

Water isn't the only thing that leaks into a house or out of it. Air leaks can make uncomfortable drafts. Lack of insulation can let heat in during summer and kite your fuel bills in winter. Insects that get into the house are a nuisance, and squirrels are worse.

Check doors and windows for tight fit; make sure that inexpensive weatherstripping is all they need. See that the attic is reasonably tight against animals and insects, as well as ventilated for coolness.

It costs something — say two or three hundred dollars — to add insulation if there is none, but it can be done. If the house is already insulated, it is worth just that much more.

Keep in mind that the purpose of a house is shelter. If it doesn't keep wind and weather and insects out, what's it good for? You might as well be back in a tent.

#### HOW'S THE EQUIPMENT?

*"I paid \$14,500 for this house but the water pipes aren't insulated and they broke all over the place during the first freeze." . . . Veteran and VA employee, Roslyn, Long Island.*

Plumbing and heating and electrical equipment may make up one-fifth of the cost of a house. Replacing them in an old house can cost you as much as you pay for the house itself.

Bathroom and kitchen fixtures you can judge by looking at them and hunting for cracks (and pricing replacements).

It may take a plumber to judge condition of water and soil pipes, and you'd do well to hire one for an hour or so. If the water pipes are copper or brass, take that as a good sign; these metals last a long time and they are also an indication that money was not stinted in the original installation.

Turn on faucets in various parts of the house to see if pressure and flow are adequate. Poor flow may indicate rusted and clogged pipes or that the supply pipe for the house wasn't big enough in the first place.

Heating equipment is always an expensive item. In an old house, don't guess; get an estimate on replacing it or putting it into the shape you require.

Like heating and plumbing pipes, electrical wiring is costly to replace or add to when it means tearing into walls. Begin by finding the fuse box and counting the circuits (usually each plug fuse represents one circuit) to see if the entrance equipment will handle your electrical load. Even a small house should have two light circuits (15 Amp fuses) and at least two or three more (20 Amps) for outlets. If you intend to use an electric range or water heater, each of these will call for a special circuit that may be expensive to add.

The surest check on all this is to note down just what circuits there are and talk to an electrician about it. He can give you an idea of what will have to be added.

Old houses rarely have enough outlets for the appliances most of us use today. Look at the walls to see if there are enough outlets and if they are at the points where you will require them. A house that will have to be cluttered up with dangerous extension cords can hardly be called modern.

To avoid another hazard and nuisance, see if there are light switches at all doors by which you will enter at night.

#### WHAT WILL IT COST?

*"They told us \$8,000. When the cost went past \$11,000 we quit and put the*

*place up for sale, but we lost nearly \$2,000 on the deal." . . . Former Marine sergeant, Des Moines, Iowa.*

The cost of an old house is the price you pay for it plus the cost of all the improvements you or your wife will demand. Even a new house or a 1940 model may need many changes to make it fit your requirements.

About the only way to avoid risking your shirt is to make a list — pencil and paper, not mental — of all the things you plan to do to it. Don't just guess at costs; at least talk generally to contractors even if you don't ask them to come out and make estimates. (And you'd better do the latter before you sign any papers.)

Keep in mind such shocking facts as that a new heating plant added to an existing small house may cost \$1,000. New wiring can cost half that much.

In a rough sort of way, you can estimate that it costs 50 percent more to replace worn-out items than it would to include them in a house while it is being built.

A useful way to compare house values is by calculating the number of square feet of floor space and dividing it into number of dollars the place is going to cost you. (A small house in good shape may cost \$6,000 plus \$2,000 for remodeling. If it contains 800 square feet, the cost is \$10 a square foot.)

You can get some light on whether the house is a bargain by asking one or two builders how their square-foot price is running. In a few localities, new homes are still being built for \$8 or \$9 a square foot, but \$12 to \$15 is more usual today.

You may figure to cut costs by doing some of the work yourself. Undoubtedly that's the best way — but you will still have to pay for materials, at retail prices, and presumably your time is worth something. Actually, if you have the courage to tackle major repairs, you might better put the time and money into building a house from the ground up. Remodeling is always double trouble: you have to tear something down before you can begin to build it up.

#### NEW, OLD — OR ANTIQUE?

*"Would you believe a man can spend \$6,000 just to remodel a house he bought*



for \$4,000?" . . . Veteran in upstate New York.

The best bargains in housing are found among the very old places that most people shy away from. The worst bargains are found in the same category: places you couldn't afford to remodel if they were given away free.

The safest buys are the relatively new houses, especially ones built shortly before the war when lumber was dry and compromises in materials and workmanship were still ahead. Such houses are neither common nor cheap. Frequently they cost more than having a new house built especially for you.

The principal thing to avoid is buying a new house and changing it extensively. If you are going to remodel, buy something fairly cheap.

The very old houses are most likely to be good buys for large families, since so many of them are big places offered at prices no higher than those tacked on little houses. In judging an antique house, look at it for a long time — until the romantic appeal has begun to be offset by the condition of the plumbing. Then add the cost of improvements to the asking figure. Take this price to an architect and ask him what he could build you today for the same number of dollars. It will be something smaller, but it may be a whole lot easier to live in.

#### IS IT SIMPATICO?

"Buying a forty-year-old place has given us a pleasant ten-room house for less than some of the five-room Jerry-built jobs in the vicinity cost." . . . Veteran in New York.

The only thing more dangerous than choosing a house by romantic standards is being too practical. A leaky roof is bad but a house you just plain don't like is worse.

At some point in the transaction you should stop for a minute and ask yourself how you feel about the place and its surroundings. Can you feel happy about the prospect of living there for

an indefinite number of years to come?

I have lived in a good many houses and hated some of them. These were invariably the proper, stuffy, middle-sized, standardized ones. If it has character I'll take a windy, leaky old place any time, in preference to the packing boxes that are being put up today for \$10,000.

If you feel that way too, you may also agree with me on something else. My first choice in housing is a truly modern house designed for me and built by the simple, rugged standards of the good contemporary architects.

With sound building again possible, though expensive, it should be the standard by which any house purchase is judged. Before you buy a second-hand house or a new one in a development, make very certain what it is really going to cost you now and in the future.

Compare it with what a modern architect and a good builder can create for you today with the same number of dollars. When you make your decision keep one thing in mind:

*You'll be paying off that mortgage for a long, long time. Take time now to be sure.*

THE END

#### FARM LIFE AIN'T FOR ME

(Continued from page 17)

During the spring and summer I came to classify city people into two distinct groups; the automobile-borne tourist without manners, and the walking vacationist without scruples. I had my adventures with both.

One day I was working in back of the house when I heard the sound of a car racing madly down our dirt road. Aunt Maria ran from the house and tried to herd what remained of her chickens to safety, but the chickens thought the safest place was the middle of the road.

In a few moments a huge touring car bore down on us in a cloud of dust and flying stones. As the car flashed by I could see it was piled high with luggage,

children, sporting gear, and what loot the occupants had been able to pick up without stopping for more than a few minutes.

The car roared past us at full speed, and there was a squeal of brakes, tires and fowl as the driver came to a fork in the road and skidded to a stop. The motor roared, gears clashed, and a moment later the car backed toward me, careening wildly as it came up over the front lawn and bounced over the flower beds. Although it stopped a few feet from me, the driver blew his horn to call me. A woman sat next to him studying a road map, and two children crouched in the rear — blowing horns.

When I approached the car the woman looked up, her eyes gleaming hot and impatient behind her polaroid glasses. The driver remained bent over the wheel, staring ahead, gunning the motor furiously.

"Where are the Frumskippers?" the woman demanded, her tone implying that I had just hidden them.

"I'm sorry," I answered. "I don't believe I know them."

A look of annoyance crossed her normally vicious features. "Everyone around here knows them. They told me so."

"Do you know about where they live?" I tried. "What town they're near? If I knew that . . ."

"They live here," she said imperiously, waving her hand to include three counties in the gesture. "Here, in the country."

"Where do they get their mail?" I tried again.

"In front of the house in a mailbox," she cried impatiently, giving her husband a "what can you expect from a peasant?" look. She started to explain to me all about this new RFD system they have in the country, but suddenly she decided she was wasting her time and ordered her man to "Drive on, Joel!"

Joel threw the car in gear, the rear wheels churned in the flower bed, throwing up stones that broke two windows, and I was slightly run over as Joel drove full speed up one or the other of the forks.

Aunt Maria came down from the maple tree and counted the dead and wounded among her fowl. "Only three killed and four knocked around," she said. "Say, we came out pretty well on that one."

"Don't be too optimistic, Ma." Uncle Arny said, coming out of the well. "It's early in the season yet, and spring training has hardly started. Don't crow to soon."

"Pa, I'll never crow," Aunt Maria explained patiently. "How many times do I have to explain to you."

"I remember once a city man wanted directions," Uncle Arny said. "Years ago. He parked out on the road and came to the door and knocked and asked in a real polite voice the way to town. Thanked me when I told him, too."

"Pa's been telling that story for years," Aunt Maria whispered to me. "He swears it's true, and everybody around lets on like they believe him."

"Of course," Arny said to me, "that was years ago, before the law."

"The law, Uncle Arny?"



"Yes. If a city driver did that today, and the others heard of it, he'd have to commit hara kiri at the nearest gas station. Isn't that so, Ma?"

"It is if you say so, Pa," she said kindly.

One day, later in the summer, Uncle Arny and I were sitting on the porch. "You know boy," Arny said thoughtfully, "with the invention of DDT science has found a way to protect the farmer from every pest but the — talk of the devil! hide, nephew, hide!"

I hid with Arny, wondering at his sudden fear. All I could see was a group of walking vacationists coming down our road. The men wore white shorts and were shirtless, and the women, somewhat more stalwart than the men, wore large flowered brassieres and shorts. All carried walking sticks and wore sun helmets and dark glasses. They looked peaceful, they walked slowly, they talked pleasantly. As far as I could see they were unarmed. I wondered at Uncle Arny's strange actions.

The group of vacationists soon reached the front of the house. They stopped to look the property over. The door was open and the furniture was visible. Arny's car was parked in the shade behind the house, the lawn was mowed, flowers weeded, a washing was on the line, and the radio was playing.

"Ooooooooh," one of the vacationists marvelled. "Look, a deserted house."

For about two minutes they stood and looked silently at the house. I watched them closely, and I know their hands were empty, they had no pockets and carried no packs. But in the space of those two minutes, as though by some evil miracle, there appeared on Arny's lawn a litter of fruit peelings, crumpled facial tissues, cigar butts, twisted cigarette packages, old newspapers, crusts of bread, bones, tin cans, rusted plumbing, broken bottles, rotting fishheads, torn shoes and the body of a smashed Model T.

"Let's look around," one of the women suggested, eyeing the raspberries.

At this signal the women reached in their brassieres and pulled out huge burlap sacks and long scissors. The others performed similar feats of magic. In another moment they had descended on the farm like a horde of elephants with tape worm.

Swift fingers stripped the berries, strong hands seized the tomatoes, sweet corn, apples, pears, cabbages and whatever else dared show its head. A more cultured member of the group, scorning the material fruit and vegetables, broke branches off the lilacs, uprooted the rose bushes, and carried away the hollyhocks.

Ten minutes later, as they staggered away under booty that also included Arny's automobile radio and heater, we heard one of the vacationists say in an awed, hushed tone, "Isn't it wonderful how things grow wild in the country?"

"Yes, lady," I thought, looking at Uncle Arny. "Especially the farmers."

"Nephew," Uncle Arny said, "do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Please, Uncle, be calm," I said.

"I'm going to take Aunt Maria to the city. We'll hunt up a nice house with a



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big lawn and have a picnic, and leave our garbage on the lawn. I'll pick every flower in the garden, ask the people inside if we can borrow their dishes and silver and forget to return same, knock golf balls through their windows and stun their dogs, use their bathroom, ask why they live in the city and snicker at the answer, insult their beliefs, make fun of their clothes, laugh at their faces, shoot up their . . ."

"But Uncle Arny," I protested, "you'd

be arrested. That's against the law in the city."

"Then I'm licked, Nephew," Arny said brokenly. "Licked."

As for me, well, I gave up that idea of a quiet country place. I'm where I am, and nobody bothers me at all. It's been three months since anybody stopped to say hello, or otherwise disturb my privacy. I'm the fellow who's trapped in the revolving door in Grand Central Station.

THE END

## A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

(Continued from page 19)

Similarly, a very strong connection between failure and just plain ignorance turned up. Many a retailer went bankrupt because he didn't have — or know — the right prices; the right location; the right personnel; the right bookkeeping system; the right experience; the right way to figure taxes; the right merchandise; in short, the right overall policy and the right attitude toward his business. He couldn't succeed any more than a football team which doesn't know where the goal line is.

A lot of these failures can be prevented in the future. Strong medicine is now in existence to ward off the ravages of insufficient capital and know-how.

To begin with, we now have considerable legislation on state and national books to prevent persistent unfair competition. Thus, in a sense, the government has written the "know-how" of survival against rough and tumble fighting into the law. Right here might be a good place to mention that there is warm disagreement over this legislation — some observers say it's effective; others say it's un-American; still others say the laws are too loose. Regardless of your viewpoint, however, you should know about them. Briefly, they include:

The *Robinson-Patman Act*. This is a federal regulation which is supposed to keep one retailer from getting a better "break" in buying merchandise than another. Broadly speaking, the law bars

unjust discounts, price discriminations, and kickbacks between supplier and merchant.

*Miller-Tydings Act and Fair Trade Laws.* This combination of federal and state laws permits the establishment of minimum prices. Thus, if a toothpaste manufacturer sets a 39¢ retail price on his product, you'll have to sell it at that price or higher (barring certain exceptions we can't discuss here). The object of the legislation is to stop "loss leadering" — that is, vicious price-cutting.

*Unfair Practices Acts.* These are strictly state laws, operative in varying form in 29 states. In general, the laws make it illegal to sell below cost. As in the case of the Fair Trade Laws, the idea is to prevent loss-leadering and cut-throat competition.

*Chain Store Taxes.* Many states have a heavy tax on mass merchandisers to keep the big fellows from building more stores and annexing new territory.

*The Sherman and Clayton Acts.* These are the famed "anti-trust" laws under which the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice are ordered to keep competition clean and alive.

If you want a quick digest of the most important of these statutes, you can — and by all means should — get one for the small sum of 15¢. Write the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. and ask for the U. S. Department of Com-

merce's "Small Business and Regulation of Pricing Practices" (Economic Small Business Series, No. 61).

Laws and litigation, however, are distasteful to most Americans. And any retailer who depends on them to stay alive would indeed be foolish. You can get your know-how much more quickly—and certainly much cheaper—from a great many other directions. If you want to find out whether your prices are in line, whether your salaries and overhead are right, or any other information about general policy, literally thousands of sources are available to you. Here's a quick check list:

1. Your trade and business associations.
2. Your supplier.
3. Books and publications.
4. Your government.
5. Schools.

Virtually all storekeepers have an association of their own which often also issues a trade paper. Join by all means. The dues are nominal, and you'll get your money back many times through the information your association will supply you. The same goes for the Chambers of Commerce.

Wholesalers and manufacturers are one of the best—as well as most neglected—sources of know-how. Retailers too often treat a manufacturer's or wholesaler's salesman as if he were a time-waster, when, in fact, he's a goldmine of help.

Some manufacturers go to extraordinary lengths to help their dealers. Take Goodyear Tire & Rubber, for example. It provides dealers not only with tires, but with a wide range of other goods that cut down the seasonal peaks in tire retailing. Goodyear doesn't manufacture all this extra merchandise—it buys from a great many sources, thus acting as wholesaler for its tire dealers. Additionally, Goodyear helps dealers set up accounting systems, gives them blueprints for remodeling stores, and even gets the remodeling materials for the dealer at, or near, cost.

Wholesalers, too, provide a wide range of retailing aids. Some have started "voluntary chains" to give their customers the standardization, economies, and smartness of chain stores. (Often these "voluntary chains" require a small weekly membership fee; sometimes not). Besides, your wholesaler will want to keep you as a customer, hence you always have the privilege of picking his brains.

Books on business or trade magazines are another valuable source of information. These are naturally dear to my heart, inasmuch as the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. issues so many. But quite aside from personal interest, it stands to reason that no retailer or distributor can keep up with the news in his field unless he buys—and faithfully reads—a business publication. Here are a few typical ones: *Hardware Age*; *Automotive News*; *Electrical Merchandising*; *Industrial Distribution*; *Electrical Wholesaling*; *Progressive Grocer*; *Drug Topics*.

Finally, there's the government—specifically the Dept. of Commerce. It has pamphlets—or personal advice—on just about any phase of retailing. The published material is dirt cheap (the high-

est price pamphlet on the list is only 55¢; many of the publications are free). Here are a few titles:

"Establishing and Operating a Grocery Store"; "Establishing and Operating Your Own Business"; "Selecting a Store Location"; "Retail Policies, Their Selection and Application." The list runs to scores of titles. Your nearest Dept. of Commerce field office—or the Department's head-

That pretty much puts the problem of capital up to the retailer and his own ingenuity and determination.

But fortunately, retailers now in business should be able to lay something aside for a rainy day. Granted that merchandise costs are high these days, that wages, rents, and expenses in general are up—yet dollar volume is big enough to permit savings. To illustrate:

In 1939, the average sales of all independent stores were just under \$20,000.

Last year the figure was up to \$50,000—higher by 156%.

Typical estimated average sales in 1947 (chains and independents combined) were:

Filling stations, \$26,000.

Appliance and radio stores, \$77,000.

Drug stores, \$58,000.

Auto parts and accessories stores, \$56,000.

Grocery stores, \$62,000.

Stay on good terms with your banker when handling cash of such dimensions. A banker who notes that a merchant treats money carefully may lend him funds when times aren't so good. And although borrowing is never advisable when there's some other way out, it's handy to have a banker in your corner.

But above all, don't let the skepticism of bankers haunt you. Many an expert believes that the small fellow's chances of future prosperity are excellent.

Take an old hand at merchandising like Victor Lebow, for example. He's vice-president in charge of sales and advertising for Chester H. Roth Co., Inc., a giant in hosiery manufacturing and distribution. Mr. Lebow—a believer in the small retailer's future—recently commented publicly on the independent merchant's advantages over the chain stores. He said: "The advantage of the independent retailer is that he is closer to his customers, knows his community and its tastes and needs better. The chains' top executives often do not visit their own stores, and in many cases the sole contact of the management with the individual unit is maintained through the field representative. Therefore, the calibre of the field representative becomes the determining factor of the chain store operation."

The best tribute to the small business man, and the best affirmation of faith in his success that I've ever come across is a statement by Wilford White, chief of the Special Studies Unit of the Dept. of Commerce. Here it is:

"In no other place in our economic structure today is there the opportunity for the individual that small business holds out to him. It offers him an opportunity to work hard, to learn fast, to use his abilities as much as he will, and to benefit by the assistance that is always available for anyone who knows where he is going and what he expects to accomplish.

"If we are to have full employment in the years to come, we need creative men and women opening up new business. We need to assist and support small business so that it will maintain jobs and purchasing power." To that I say a hearty amen. **THE END**



quarters in Washington—can supply you with a list of them.

Further, if you want to talk personally with a Dept. of Commerce representative, he'll always be glad to see you. If you aren't in a city with a field office, you can always write. I know from conversations with my friend, Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman, that help to small business men has a high priority in his Department.

By contrast with this mountain of know-how material, very little has been done officially to help retailers get more capital.

A proposal has been kicking around Washington off and on for years to create a government source of funds. The idea is that the government would give the needy retailer the dollars he wants in return for an equity in the store (it would consist of non-voting stock). But nothing has ever come of the scheme.

All in all, the retailer can ward off the disease of too little capital only by self-help. In general, there are two main ways to get capital:

1. Save it yourself, or
2. Borrow from somebody.

Needless to say, borrowing can be a costly business. If you borrow from your relatives, you may wind up in a nasty family fight. If you borrow from banks, the rates will be comparatively high (remember that, from the bank's point of view, retailing is risky, so the rates must be set accordingly). You can also borrow, in a sense, by taking merchandise on credit or consignment. But that's expensive, too—if you paid for the goods in cash, you'd get a discount.

## BIG LITTLE PICTURE

(Continued from page 26)

being done by the Armed Forces Radio Service is amazing. Right now it is shipping out 56,000 records a month. Last January the figure was 96,000. It has fifty-three of its own transmitters overseas. It uses the services of fifteen commercial overseas stations. In the San Francisco area it has seven short wave transmitters beaming programs to all parts of the world. In addition, it furnishes programs to 136 Army, Navy and Veterans Administration hospitals within the U. S. In addition to the programs the AFRS produces, it also takes thirty-four of the nation's top commercial programs off the air, cuts out the advertising, and makes those available overseas. It puts out eleven and one-fourth hours of news every day—news gathered by the United Press from around the world. This includes wide sports coverage.

Because AFRS serves nine time zones, the American short wave transmitters operate at all hours of the day and all night long.

Voice of the Army, presented on behalf of Army and Air Force recruiting, and which has no connection with AFRS, is also dependent upon volunteer talent. But because it is a fifteen minute show, it is having no trouble. It is now in its seventh year and is broadcast via transcriptions over 1,050 stations each week.

\* \* \*

The annual dinner of the Hollywood chapter, Military Order of the Purple Heart, honoring actors and technicians who served in both wars, was a gala affair with Gen. George C. Kenney as principal speaker. Guests included Vice-Admiral Calvin Durgin, Brig. Gen. David L. (Tex) Hill, Audie Murphy, Cecil B. DeMille, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Frank Capra, James Stewart, George Stevens, William Wyler, Cesar Romero, Merian C. Cooper, Jean Hersholt, Bebe and Ben Lyons, William W. Wellman, Marion Davies, Laurence Stallings and thirty paraplegics from Birmingham Veterans Hospital here.

\* \* \*

Consul General Charles B. Kemball of England conferred upon Frank Capra the Most Exalted Order of the British Empire for his contribution to the Allied cause during the war when Capra served in the Army Pictorial Service producing indoctrination and orientation films for English and American troops. . . . The industry's last returning vet, as far as we can determine, is Myron Meyers who was discharged from the Army at Fort Benning in April. Meyers, in U-I's labor department prior to the war, is rejoicing that studio where his father is in the still department. . . . The snappy new French Foreign Legion uniform will make its screen debut in *Rogues' Regiment*. It replaces the Beau Geste type garb so long used by the FFL.

Maxwell Geffen of Geffen-Shane Productions is negotiating with the Navy for the use of the sailing ship U. S. S. Constellation to use in that company's

production, *The Salem Frigate*, which U-I will release . . . Jack McCoy, while in the Marines, swore he'd get a job where he could sleep late when peace came. So what happened? He is m. c. of the CBS radio show *Sunrise Salute* and has to be up at 4:30 a.m. daily except Sundays. . . . Tommy Breen, who plays the romantic lead opposite Jane Powell in *Luxury Liner*, and who authored two of our current popular songs—*Everything in Life* and *Both in Love with You*—is an ex-Marine who lost one leg in battle. . . . Herbert Wall has formed a chorus of fifty ex-G.I.'s for choral work. They took this town by storm with their spring concert and are now on tour. . . . The Theatre Owners of America in convention here approved a campaign to support continuance of entertainment for hospitalized vets.

Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge radio program have just completed a tour of hospitals of the nation. . . . When Danny Kaye completed his recent record smashing run in London's Palladium, he went to Germany to entertain at Army posts. Since the Palladium seems to be a regular stopping-off place for so many of our stars, it is hoped they'll take the time, while there, to follow Danny's lead. . . . Bob Crosby and his Club 15 radio program, along with other stars, helped the membership campaign of the Citizen Marine Corps of Los Angeles by entertaining young men, their dates and parents at a Marine Reserve open-house carnival. Stars who chipped in are the Andrews Sisters, Margaret Whiting, the Modernaires, Jerry Gray's band, Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford, Peggy Lee, Martha Tilton, Phil Harris, Andy Russell, Dick Haymes, Art Lund, Arty Wayne and the Starlighters.

Howard J. Green has written a story which Columbia will produce under the title of *Annapolis*. There have been a lot of films based upon West Point, but few have touched Annapolis, and still fewer, if any, have looked into the possibilities of the Marine, Merchant Marine and Coast Guard training schools. Army and Navy airmen will be interested in Warner's bio of the Wright Brothers with Glenn Ford playing Orville and Dennis Morgan as Wilbur. And of interest to Coast Guardsmen will be Metro's forthcoming biography of Alexander Hamilton, the man who started the Revenue Cutter Service which became the Coast Guard. It looks like Spencer Tracy will get the role, and the story will stress the Americana angle.

\* \* \*

There are so many American Legion members at 20th Century-Fox that they have their own post, No. 563. And as an indication of Legion interest, 800 studio employees turned out for a recent meeting at which Gen. Holland Smith, retired Marine, spoke on national defense. Paramount has its own post, too, No. 557. Then there is the Cinema Post No. 561 which is also made up of motion picture actors and technicians. And of course one finds movie people in dozens of other posts.

\* \* \*

### Hats Off To Madeleine Carroll

Madeleine Carroll is our veteran to be saluted this month. No, she isn't a veteran in the sense that she is an alumnus of the Wacs, Waves, Marines or Spars, or entitled to the benefits of the G. I. Bill of Rights. But Madeleine had the courage to chuck her career and its attractive income, put on her old clothes, and



got in there and pitched. And not just for the duration. She was working before Pearl Harbor and long after the last shot was fired.

**S**HE was hard at work in Europe before America got into the actual battle. Then after Pearl Harbor, she returned immediately and went to work in New York as Entertainment Director of the U. S. Merchant Seamen's Service. Then she joined the Red Cross as a hospital worker and was assigned to the 17th General Hospital in Naples where the wounded came from Anzio and Cassino.

But let her tell it. "Then followed a year in the 61st Station Hospital in Foglia, Italy, from where I went to France to serve on a hospital train which operated between the Allied front to Pigion and Marseilles. This was the hardest work of all but the most gratifying. We safely evacuated more than 50,000 soldiers from October 1944 to March 1945. I wrote thousands of letters. Some soldiers even insisted that I sign my name instead of 'a hospital worker.' I was reluctant, but when it made them happy to do so, I did. I learned a lot about people from those many letters."

While this was going on, Madeleine's villa outside Paris had been turned over as a shelter for French war orphans. And the expense of feeding, clothing, medical attention and adult supervision was paid by Madeleine out of her savings.

What's more, she stuck to her job until the war was over and the occupation well under way. Her heart was in her job. For one reason, her native England, the France she loved and her adopted United States were at stake. For another, her younger sister, Marguerite, was killed in a German blitz on London in October 1940. And just so no one could accuse her of selfish motives, or give excuse for her famed name to interfere, she did much of her work under a pseudonym.

As testimony of her tireless and valuable efforts, she received the Department of the Army award of the Medal of Freedom for her "extraordinary assistance to the United States Army in relationships with the government and the people of France." Said Major General T. B. Larkin in making the award, "She rose to magnificent heights during evacuation of casualties by hospital train, frequently remaining aboard the train for periods of as long as two weeks at a time. Of her own initiative, Miss Carroll secured time on French radio networks and presented each week a program to the French designed to explain the attitude and characteristics of the American soldier. No single act was of such great aid in forestalling difficult situations arising through misunderstanding between the French people and American troops awaiting redeployment." France gave her its highest award, the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Nor is she through now. She and her French husband, Henri Lavorel, are producing a series of two-reel documentary films which accept life as it is today in a world changed by war.

All of this means that for five long years Madeleine has not appeared in a film and has not only had no income

from her career but has dipped heavily into her savings to accomplish her war work. So now she has signed up for her first post-war picture, the only one she'll make in 1948. It is to be James Nasser's *An Innocent Affair* for United Artists release with Fred MacMurray and Charles (Buddy) Rogers in the other top roles. This will be Buddy's first picture since 1942 when he joined the U. S. Naval Air Force.

#### Short vs. Long Selling

"The motion picture industry must interpret the American way of life to Europe. In doing that job, it has a tremendous responsibility to provide films which fit into the overall objective for Europe." So says Francis S. Harmon, vice-president of the Motion Picture Association of America. The industry, he points out, must deal at arm's length with the national monopolies in the Iron Curtain countries and must exhibit films with artistic merit and uplifting influences.

Mr. Harmon reports that Russia has recently attempted to buy three American pictures—a Pancho Villa film which Russian propaganda would cite as evidence of American oppression of Mexico, a Lily Pons musical made during the depression with a background of unemployment, and a Tarzan picture which the Soviet says exemplifies the "opiate of escapism" which is fed the American people. Tarzan, says Mr. Harmon, is okay, "But along with that we need to send films to Europe such as *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. We need to strike a happy medium between pure escapism and films of educational and artistic merit."

**H**E says the people behind the Iron Curtain are "swarming into theatres" to see American films. "In Poland we measure business by the number of times troops are called out to restore order in front of the theatres. In Romania, where the new minister of information recently issued orders recensoring our films, the people have been standing in the snow before theatres, fearful that what little entertainment is left to them might become forbidden." The film *Wilson*, he says, played four weeks in Prague and American films there far outdraw any others. "In Germany so popular was *Destry Rides Again* that an admission ticket costing six marks brought fifty on the black market. In Tokyo our films in one week drew 1,046,953 patrons—or one-fourth of Tokyo's population. Our newsreels drew 2,448,000 customers in their first week. And *To Have or Have Not* did 457 per cent business in an 1,117 seat theatre which means that there were three persons standing to every one seated."

#### Sidelights On The Red Situation

Portrait of an American Communist, the story published in *Life Magazine* on January 5, has been purchased by Columbia. Production is slated for late summer. No casting assignments have as yet been made.

Czechoslovakia has followed the trend of other Communist governments in ban-

ning films in which Adolphe Menjou, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor and Ginger Rogers appear.

The ten movie writers under citation for contempt of Congress have filed suits against major studios for amounts totaling \$61,109,775.

The executive committee of the American Legion's California Department has gone on record as urging that screen, radio and newspaper workers be polled as to Communist Party membership because they work in fields of public opinion.

An outfit labeling itself the "Freedom From Fear Committee" with headquarters at 6674 Yucca Street, Hollywood, has been active raising money for the "Unfriendly Ten." They tossed a dinner at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and raised \$15,110. Their goal is \$54,890. Behind the movement are such names as Oscar Hammerstein II, James Thurber, Arthur Garfield Hays, Norman Rockwell, Moss Hart, Walter Huston, Canada Lee, Mrs. Elliott (Faye Emerson) Roosevelt, Herman Shumlin, Louis Untermeyer, John Garfield, Lyn Murray, Morton Gould, Edna Ferber, John Lardner, Henry Morgan, John Huston, Bill Mauldin, William L. Shirer, Deems Taylor and Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory. There is a New York chapter of the outfit and they are openly advertising for funds.

Adolphe Menjou is one of fourteen distinguished Americans who have joined the Committee to Stop World Communism. Co-chairmen of the group are Arthur Bliss Lane, former ambassador to Poland, and Judge Blair F. Gunther of Pittsburgh.

Encouraging is the fact that the Department of Justice employees here have established a Legion post. And one of its members tells me that he's rounding up information on some of our better-known non-citizens who are fellow travelers.

Interesting to note is the fact that the People's Education Center here, a Red front school, is still certified by the California Department of Education as qualifying for the education of veterans at federal government expense.

My Legion post, Wilshire 319, meets in a building on the corner of Western and Fifth. On the same floor of the same building is the office of Herb Sorrell, ex-prize fighter, ex-Missourian and head of the studio painters' union. He has been one of several factors in the long drawn-out, costly strike against studios. Recently, in Washington, he was accused of being a Communist. The FBI says the signature on a party card is his.

The other night a sub-committee of the Legion's 24th District Un-American Activities Committee mapped a plan of action. The meeting was in the home of a member of the committee which, it so happens, is just two doors away from the home of Frank Spector, Russian alien, who admitted before the California State Senate Un-American Activities Committee that he is a Communist.

These last two paragraphs are by way of saying we don't have to look far—they are sometimes our neighbors.

THE END

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Still further, you get with the two Plan Books mentioned below, THREE of the most interesting and helpful Folders. First, Folder "B"—How to Build a Better Home at Lower Cost. Second, Folder "C" on Comparative Construction Costs. And then Folder "F" which covers the whole question of Financing the Construction of New Homes on the Easiest Possible Terms.

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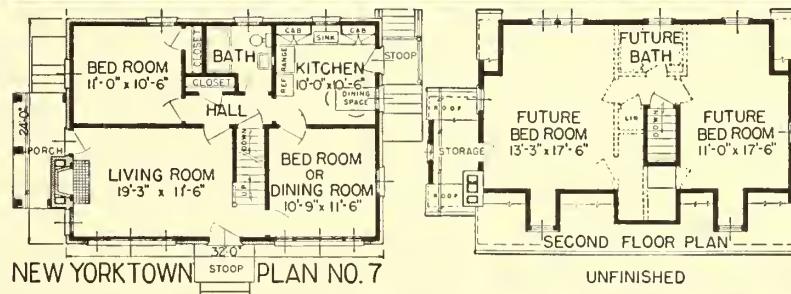
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These Books, together with the three helpful Folders which contain hundreds of helps, will be sent for just \$1. If you do not find in these Books just the home you want to build at the right price, keep the books anyway and your \$1 will be returned at once.

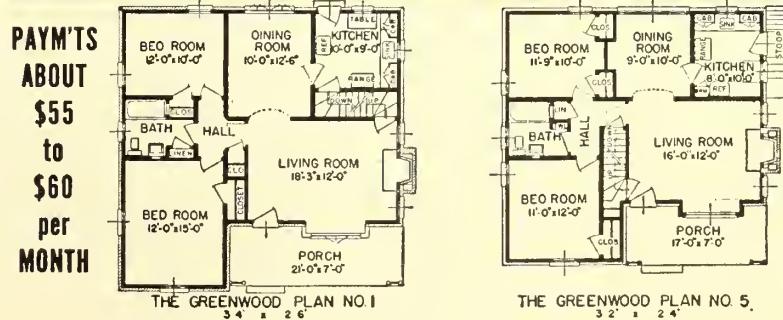
And if you order Plans in duplicate for one of the houses at right for \$20 (4 sets for \$24), you will promptly receive the finest, clearest and most carefully prepared Blue Prints you ever saw, as well as equally fine Material List, Cost Estimate and Specifications. If the Plans are not just as represented, the amount paid will be returned immediately.

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## Record Money-Making

Three Cleveland veterans, displaying the kind of ingenuity which makes millionaires, have come up with an idea which is definitely different in the business world.

Brooke Taylor, formerly of the Air Corps, and Eugene B. Bondy and Richard H. Clemence, Jr., former Army men, are operating a portable recording service in which they record church services, weddings, choir recitals, funeral services and other ceremonials.

Clemence, who has ten years of record cutting experience behind him, had been offering a similar service from his little shop in a suburb adjoining Cleveland. In a relatively short period of time he recorded more than five hundred marriage ceremonies. Meanwhile, Bondy, who had conceived a sales and promotion plan to sell this service in a most effective fashion, contacted Clemence to show him where money could be made in this type of venture. Together they called in Taylor, talked over their plans, and decided to undertake the proposition on a large scale.

After thorough organization, the well laid plans were promptly put into operation and the business began to boom. Their work is done by going out to the spot where the action is occurring — nothing in the way of recording being done in the studios. The boys go out with their equipment — microphones, cables, machines, and operators being completely concealed. In no way does the recording operation interfere with the solemnity of any church service.

Everything that occurs is recorded on a narrow paper tape, which is taken back to the studios. Before cutting records of the familiar disc type, extraneous noises are eliminated. If the clergyman should make a slip, the proper correction can usually be made. If a mistake should be too great, the boys have developed a technique that makes detection next to impossible.

Some clergymen find this recording service an excellent outlet for their altruistic nature. They have

recordings made of their sermons and distribute them to shut-ins and bedridden of their congregation.

One of the biggest jobs planned by the ex-GI's for the future, will be the recording of the 52 scriptural texts in the Bar Mitzvah ceremonies, which will aid those Jewish boys whose families are unable to provide for a tutor.

The charge for these above-mentioned services vary with the type of ceremony, time put in, album and other variants. However, as an indication, most recordings for funeral services total about \$25.

Under the name of Brooke Taylor and Associates, they operate from 1220 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio. They say they'd like to hear from other vets interested in going into this sort of work.

— BY IRV LEIBERMAN

## Help for Artists

When Leo Lerman returned to New York after three and a half years in the ETO, he brought with him an idea. Knowing something about art, he realized that artists often had trouble in getting authentic details for the pictures they were commissioned to draw and paint. Why not, he reasoned, supply a service which would provide the necessary research for the paint-and-brush men?

Before going into the army, Lerman had started a file of photographs, drawings and clippings dealing with all sorts of subjects. He started adding to his collection, which now has a half-million pictures filed and indexed, with another 2,500,000 available. Then he started sending letters and calling on top illustrators, advertising agencies and magazines, offering to rent them pictures on any subject. Did an artist need a picture of a locomotive used by a railroad long out of business? Lerman had it. Did an advertising agency want an authentic drawing of an old-time stereoptican. Lerman was able to deliver. If a magazine editor called for photographs of totem poles Lerman could find those too.

Today, his Pictorial Reference Library (formerly called Artists' Reference Bureau) is supplying material to more than a hundred illustrators, ad agencies and magazines. Among his customers are such top names as Norman Rockwell, Russell Patterson, Stevan Dohanos and Lyman Anderson. Incidentally, some of the illustrations in The American Legion Magazine have had the Lerman touch.

The project, however, is so large that it still shows a deficit. Optimistic about the future, Lerman figures that in another year it will start paying off handsomely.

— RAYMOND COLE

## SILENT WOMEN OF THE LEGION

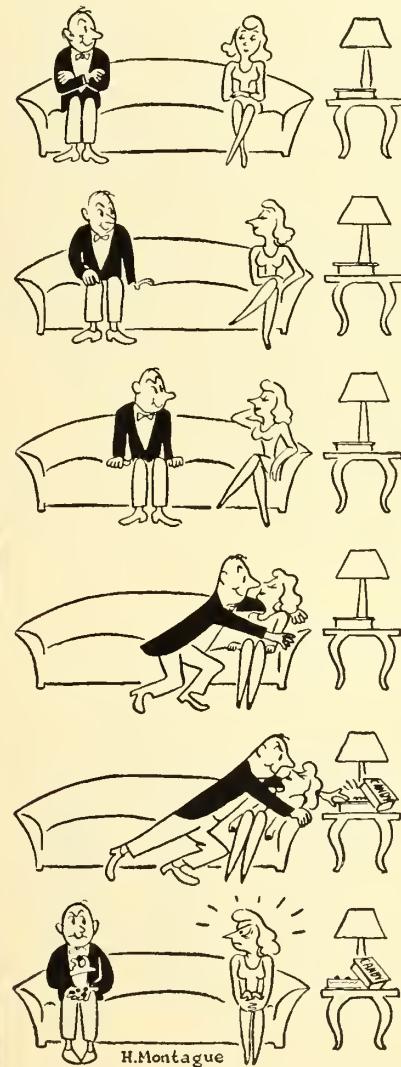
(Continued from page 25)

from Daddy,' and off it goes in the mail to make that veteran and his son happy."

Yes, your sick comrade may go to the Auxiliary gift shop without leaving the hospital and, without spending one cent, select gifts to send home to his dear ones; and then they are wrapped by loving hands and mailed, as his gifts to those who are carrying on without him.

Now let's have a look at the children of the nation. The Child Welfare work of The American Legion Auxiliary is amazing; in just one year thousands of veterans' children were assisted, at a cost of \$952,000. Multiply this by 25 years of service and you will have some idea of the enormous service the women are giving to the health and welfare of our youth. Quietly but effectively, from Maine to California, our Department Chairmen of Child Welfare and Rehabilitation work across state boundaries to bring immediate assistance to those in dire straits.

Let me tell you the story of the young wife who moved from Michigan to Maine, and then reported to her friends in Michigan that she was expecting a baby.



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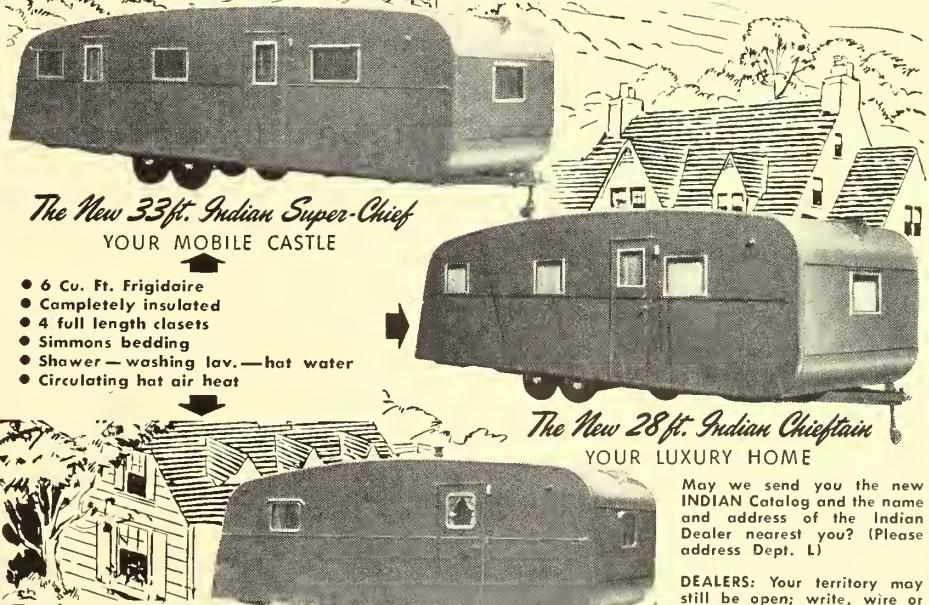


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By the makers of the World-Famous Zenith Radios

Look only to your doctor  
for advice on your ears and hearing



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5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois  
 I enclose check or money order for \$75\* for one  
Zenith "75" Hearing Aid. Unless I am completely satisfied and find the Zenith "75" superior to any other hearing aid, I may return it within ten days of receipt and get my money back in full.  
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 Please send me free descriptive literature.

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The husband had died suddenly and she was in need, not only of money but human understanding and love. The Department President of Michigan wrote to the Department President of Maine and she in turn told the story to the Auxiliary in the young widow's community. Loving hands and sympathetic minds went to work, and when the doctor announced "It's going to be twins" everyone turned out to help. Result: the twins are on the road to healthy childhood, the little mother has been given business training and has a good job which an Auxiliary member found for her.

Another activity of which we are proud is our Girls' State, whose program parallels that of Boys' State. In 44 Departments, 7,600 girls are being trained in the principles of good citizenship. These girls are learning the true meaning of Americanism and return to their high schools impressed with their privileges and responsibilities as the future leaders of America. Look too at the girls selected from each Girls' State who are privileged to spend a week in our nation's capital, as guests of the Auxiliary attending Girls' Nation. Eighty-two girls, among the finest in the country, are chosen to meet and hear outstanding national figures, to exchange views and to live together in the true democratic way. The American Legion exemplifies.

Now take a look at one of your comrades in a veteran's hospital who wouldn't get out of bed or do anything for himself. One day there arrived in his ward boxes of red crepe paper which his bedmates proceeded to make into The American Legion Auxiliary poppy. Day after day he watched his comrades work on those bright red flowers. At the end of a week he was out of bed and ready to prove that he too could make poppies. They weren't such good ones at first but each week they improved, and most important of all so did he. So when you look at the poppies remember the many hospitals all over the country and try to see them as I have.

I wonder if you men of the Legion realize that poppy-making is a livelihood to many disabled veterans and life itself to others. Thousands in the hospitals have built up their morale by poppy-

making and this fine piece of rehabilitation for and by hospitalized veterans enables our organization to carry on the Rehabilitation and Child Welfare Program both in the community and on a national level. For each year we present to the Legion \$25,000 toward Rehabilitation expenses and \$10,000 for the Child Welfare Division. A look at the record of our 1948 National Executive Committee meeting reveals that an additional \$20,000 has been made available if needed for direct emergency aid in view of the rapidly increasing Child Welfare requests.

Here are some other figures that may surprise you. During the past few years special projects of the Auxiliary have been dedicated to specific causes affecting the lives of all Americans. The Leonard Wood Foundation, whose objective is research in the field of Hansen's Disease, known to most people as leprosy, has been the recipient of \$39,450 from Units of The American Legion Auxiliary. The American Heart Association has benefited in the amount of \$25,000, two Veterans Administration hospitals now possess greenhouses which cost the Auxiliary \$10,000 each and in which the veterans may find recreation and constructive work. Hundreds of thousands of sterile dressings were made for the American Cancer Society through the local Units.

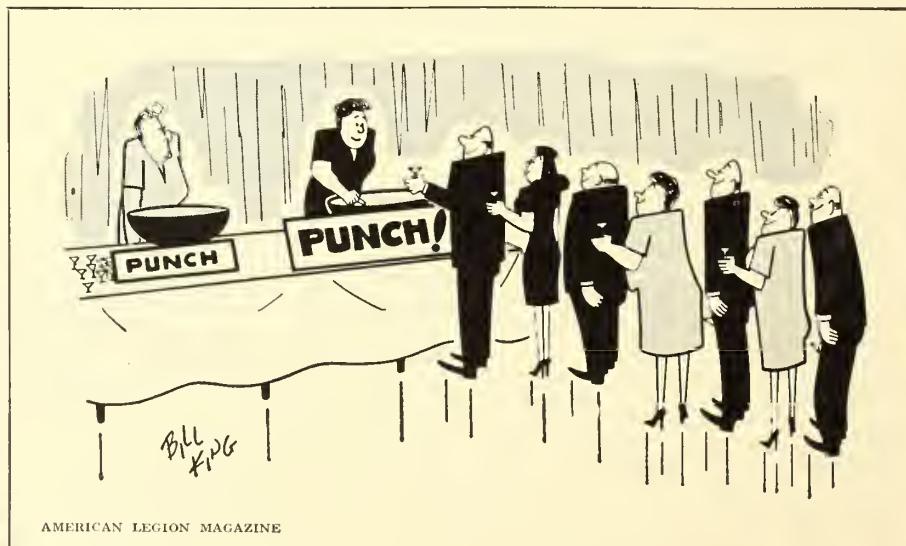
And who has done all this? I am proud to report that there are now 900,000 women in the Auxiliary, and 11,691 Units, with 498 chartered since the last National Convention. And the number is growing. We confidently expect that when we meet in Miami in October our membership will be 1,000,000 strong.

How many of you know that in the Preamble of the Constitution of the American Legion Auxiliary we have one more clause than you of the Legion have? We say,

"To participate in and contribute  
To the accomplishment  
Of the aims and purposes  
Of The American Legion."

We of your Auxiliary do our utmost to live up to this as well as to the other provisions of that remarkable Preamble which you recite in your Post meetings.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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NO STARVATION

NO EXERCISE

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NOTHING TO WEAR

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## CAN WE HEAD OFF WAR?

(Continued from page 15)

States today is at the mercy of a Russian onslaught. In the entire country there are only two Army Divisions trained and equipped for combat. Not one National Guard Division is ready for battle. Nor is there a single Organized Reserve unit prepared for an M-Day mission. There are only 55 Army Air Force combat groups, many of them are flying obsolete planes, but this condition at least is being corrected by Congressional action increasing the number of air groups.

The Navy has ships, yes, but it has no men. Many of our best naval craft are laid up for lack of personnel to man them. As for the merchant marine, it is in no condition to support any major overseas operation. It includes just 26 passenger liners with a total capacity of 8,333.

Worst of all, America is not now geared to turn out the vast numbers of ships, planes and tanks that won us the last war. Practically all of our war-making industrial capacity has been dismantled!

Couple to this unpretty picture the existence of a vicious fifth column, a widespread, effective organization that was able in the last war to paralyze important plane factories, aluminum plants and much of the waterfront, that was able after V-J Day to whip up a hysterical demand for the shedding of our erstwhile military might. Add to that the general public apathy and you will see for yourself why many military experts are predicting a Russian victory.

Russia is on a war footing! Intelligence reports from behind the Iron Curtain reveal that a war discipline has been imposed upon the entire Soviet population. (The Department of the Army has even received reports that the wives and children of Red troops on occupation duty in Germany have been ordered evacuated.) Russian industry never

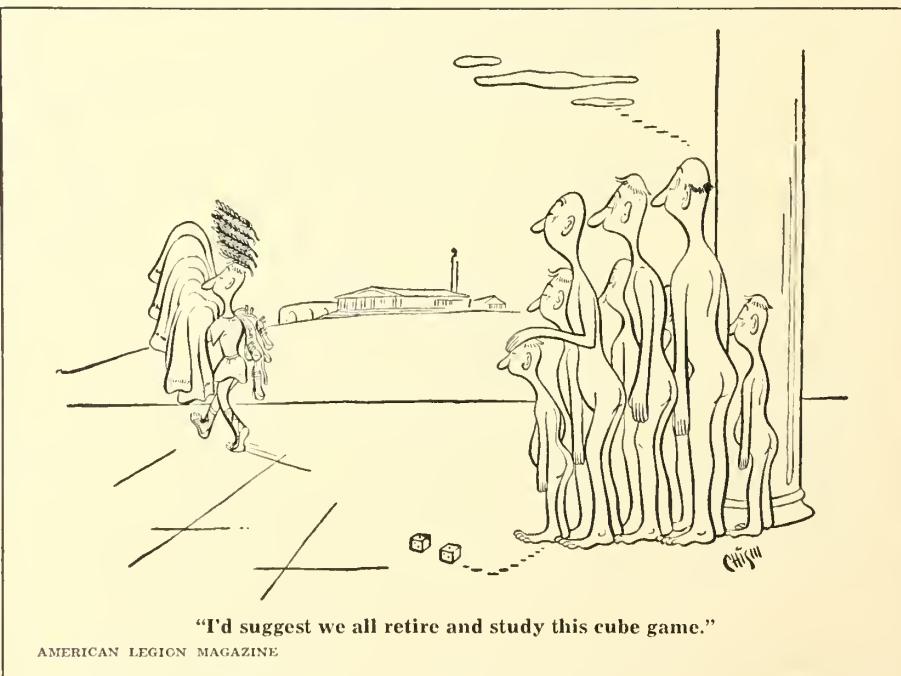
stopped producing war materiel. In the past three years, it has accounted for 70 percent of the world's combat plane production, as against the United States' 14 percent. This year, the U.S.S.R. is stepping up its output of jet propelled planes to 2,500. During World War II, the Reds, according to Stalin, turned out an average of 30,000 tanks a year, 120,000 artillery pieces, 450,000 machine guns and 100,000 mortars. He says they can do better now. It is known, for instance, that the Russians captured the component parts of nearly 2,000 V-2 rockets, the type that tore London to bits. They also captured the German experts who designed them.

The Russians today can put 600 divisions in the field. (We were unable to raise 100 in the last war.) The Red Army currently numbers 4,000,000; within weeks, it can be expanded to 25,000,000.

Russia now controls the four German shipyards where most of the Nazis' U-boats were built. That it is putting them to use is all too evident from the recent appearance of "unidentified" submarines off the California coast.

G-2 sources state that the Russian Air Force has been thoroughly reorganized. One big Red air army has been made over into a long range, strategic, striking force. It is based in Siberia.

Does the U.S.S.R. have the atomic bomb? Secretary of Defense Forrestal says that she can't make it—yet. He thinks, however, that we Americans have been relying far too much on the atomic bomb to win a future war for us. He wants us to remember that no single weapon ever won a war, or staved off defeat in a war. Two enormous atomic bombs were dropped on Bikini. That tiny island is still there, though. Furthermore, he stresses, the B-29 fire raids did far more damage to Tokyo than the A-bomb did to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Defense Department is highly concerned, incidentally, over information it has that, shortly after V-J Day, the Soviet Army overran a Japanese biological warfare plant and



transported it, its personnel and its secrets back to Russia.

What would a new war be like? How would it affect you and your family?

To find out, I talked with the military men who have been planning our strategy. Every one of them is convinced that, if we stay as weak as we are, the war would begin with an aerial attack on American industrial centers. That the man who lives in Detroit would hear bombs exploding over the River Rouge area and see the vast Ford plant, biggest in the world, crumble into rubble, and the people working in it turn to black cinder. That the Pittsburgh man would see a shambles made of the Jones & Laughlin steel mill, that the Newark man would see a wrecked Western Electric plant, that the Seattle man would watch the Boeing plant razed. Gone, they say, would be much, if not most, of America's war-making potential.

What if the Russians do get the atomic bomb?

Let us draw a curtain over what would happen to your city if it should be hit by an atomic bomb or a mass air raid. I'm sure you know. But suppose you should survive the initial explosion. Can you visualize what would happen next? How you would rush home to find your house a heap of ashes. How, by God's miracle, your wife would still be alive but badly hurt. How one of your children would still live but the others would be charred corpses.

What would you do then? How would you get medical care for your wife, milk for your child? How would you shelter them? All the necessities of life, the things you've always taken for granted—the milk man arriving in the morning, the grocery store full of food, the doctor at the other end of the telephone—they would not be there any more. It is probable that you and your family would have to take to the woods. That you would have to give them first aid, build them a lean-to, forage for food, make a fire for warmth and to heat such food as you could scrounge. That would be the aftermath of Hiroshima, U. S. A.

Legionnaires, of course, would be better equipped to meet such an emergency. Our wartime training has taught most of us how to treat wounds, how to live in the open, how to keep our heads. But think of the millions of men who have not had the benefit of Army experience. Think of their families. You know what is going to happen to them! It is tragic that UMT was not enacted when the Legion first asked for it. Then millions more young men would be prepared for catastrophe.

The picture I've drawn for you is not a fantastic one. It can, and it may, occur here. Just how serious the situation is can be seen from the full-speed drive which the Defense Department has just launched to set up a real, functioning Civil Defense organization throughout the country.

This new organization will bear little resemblance to the circus-tinged agency of the last war. It will have nothing to do with Victory Gardens or salvage drives. This will be a streamlined organi-

zation intended for just one thing—in the words to me of Major General Harold Bull, head of the Army's Civil Defense Board, solely "to minimize the effects of enemy action on America."

Present plans call for the division of the country into six regions with top authority vested in a civilian-run agency in Washington. Under the six regional directors (whose areas would roughly coincide with the six Army commands) would be the state and city organizations operated by the Governors and the Mayors. The regional directors would have authority to order one State (or city) to help another by sending fire-fighting and other rescue equipment where needed. In addition, they would have at their disposal mobile reserve units.

Under the Defense Department plans, local police departments would be charged with panic control and the handling of crowds; fire departments would

Deadline date for application for mustering-out pay to honorably discharged WW2 veterans is extended to February 3, 1950 under Public Law 539, signed May 19. Eligible veterans may collect \$100 for domestic service of less than 60 days; \$200 for more than 60 days, all domestic; \$300 if overseas or in Alaska.

deal with conflagrations (the biggest problem in an atomic attack); public works departments would see to debris clearance and demolitions; public health departments would supervise medical care and hospitalization, and, in addition, would be responsible for radiological safety; municipal welfare departments would be given the responsibility of taking care of the homeless.

In this connection, the Civil Defense planners are most anxious that municipalities start training auxiliary firemen, policemen and rescue workers now.

General Bull asked also that Legion Posts and Legionnaires "study their local problems and be prepared to give their immediate support to all planning for civil defense in their communities."

Advanced as this planning for Civil Defense is now, it must be said that there has been a sickening delay in its implementation. The initial plans were completed almost 18 months ago, but then were left unacted upon until Secretary Forrestal, overriding Service dilatoriness, ordered them put into effect at once.

Why the delay?

The same old fear of you, me and the rest of the people. The same dread that we would accuse Washington of war-mongering. Even now the Administration hesitates at giving orders for the mass production of Geiger Counters, indispensable for measuring radioactivity.

What's to be done? Are we condemned to war, destruction, defeat and Russian Military Government teams in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Denver, Sacramento, in every American city, town and hamlet?

No!

The best brains in Washington feel



Ex-Navy man Roy Grady of Richlands, N. C., makes a very nice income with the Strand made-to-measure line. So does Harold L. Decker of La Porte, Indiana, Harry Nesselson of Bradford, Pa., and lots of other veterans.

Perhaps you, too, would like to be in a business that requires no investment—but pays off in good profits to good producers.

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We are interested in men who can produce—full time or part time. We can offer you an exceptionally profitable proposition. Write for details regarding our Fall, 1948 line.

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## ITCHING FEET

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

### DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

### DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

### H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Mail the coupon today.



**GORE PRODUCTS, INC.**  
823 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

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that there is still one chance for saving the situation. Whether or not we make use of that chance, though, depends on you.

Washington says that this war can be won — that it can even be avoided — if America rearms in time. The experts tell me that; weak as we are, the United States has enough potential strength to defeat Russia, even to dissuade Stalin from attacking us, if you do your part. They say:

That, if you do your part, America, with a reservoir of 10,000,000 war-trained men and millions more patriotic youths, can quickly bring the army up to a point where it can protect the United States from invasion.

That, if you do your part, the National Guard can be brought to its target strength of 682,796 and be made into a real M-Day force. It already has over a quarter of a million eager soldiers in it.

That, if you do your part, the Organized Reserve can also be developed into a genuinely effective M-Day force as well as a cadre for an expanded Army. Right now there are 500,000 reserve officers and 630,000 enlisted men who are more than willing to serve, if given the opportunity.

That, if you do your part, the Air Forces can be remade into the invincible offensive and defensive organization it was during World War II.

That, if you do your part, the Navy can be resurrected into the Queen of all the Seas. It has the ships. All it needs are the men.

And that, if you do your part, America's industrial genius and productive ability can readily be reharnessed to the nation's defensive needs. I have it on the authority of Ferdinand Eberstadt, former Vice Chairman of the War Production Board and probably the country's greatest expert on industrial mobilization, that America can reconvert to war production in six months to a year from the date Congress authorizes the move.

All this can be done. And, if it is done, America can win any war. It can possibly even prevent a war, for Russia fears and understands strength alone.

All this will not be done, of course, unless you do your part. Many of our Congressmen, as I have said, are afflicted by political cowardice and they assume that you are yellow, too. That's why they will not vote for preparedness unless you tell them they must.

What should you do?

In my opinion, every Legion Post and every Legionnaire should regard it as their duty to arouse all the people they know to the truth and to the dangers of the situation — to make the public see that we must at once develop a combat-ready army, an omnipotent air force (as former Assistant Secretary of War for Air Robert A. Lovett declares, "A second-best air force is almost worse than none at all"), a fully-manned Navy, a reconstructed merchant marine, and a functioning civil defense. The public must also be made to see the need for calm, sane moves to stop the Fifth Column menace before it is too late.

Don't let any Russia-loving Wallaceite

tell you that the road to peace lies in disarmament. We have tried disarmament and demobilization. It has led us to our present plight. The Russians have grown stronger and bolder as we have grown weaker.

Only one thing is important today. That is to make sure that the right Senators and Congressmen are sent to Washington. National defense is the one big issue; everything else is comparatively unimportant. You are going to hear much about other questions — about civil liberties, the rights of labor, veterans' housing, tax cuts. They are all significant, yes, but not one of them nor all of them count alongside the life of the nation. If America loses this up-to-now cold war, there will be no civil liberties of any kind. The citizens of Czechoslovakia can testify to that. With a Commissar in the White House, there will be no collective bargaining, no union shops; the union leaders in Hungary can tell you that. Housing won't mean much



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to us veterans with a Russian Military Government in power. The Austrians have got no houses from the Reds. Nor will taxes be lower. Not if we must pay them to Moscow.

I am not going to tell you what party or name what men you should choose.

I am going to ask you to vote only for the men pledged to real security measures. And I am going to suggest that you do not take those pledges at face value. Check up on the record of every Congressman standing for re-election (and the record of their opponents, too). Ascertain how they stood on Selective Service; on UMT; on the augmented Defense budget; on the Marshall Plan; on civil defense; on the bill for arming the merchant marine; on the communist question.

Pick the men who will guarantee us a strong, unconquerable America. That's how you can do your part. If you do it, we may victoriously survive a war. We may even achieve a just, democratic, lasting peace without war.

THE END



"Just time for a Goebel Bantam"

Ten minutes before train time? Swell! You've just time to enjoy that good-tasting Goebel Beer in the original Bantam bottle.

It's one sparkling glassful—7 ounces of refreshing beer right from the cypress casks of Goebel. The first sip will tell you why it's "nationally famous for good taste!" Also available in exports and quarts.

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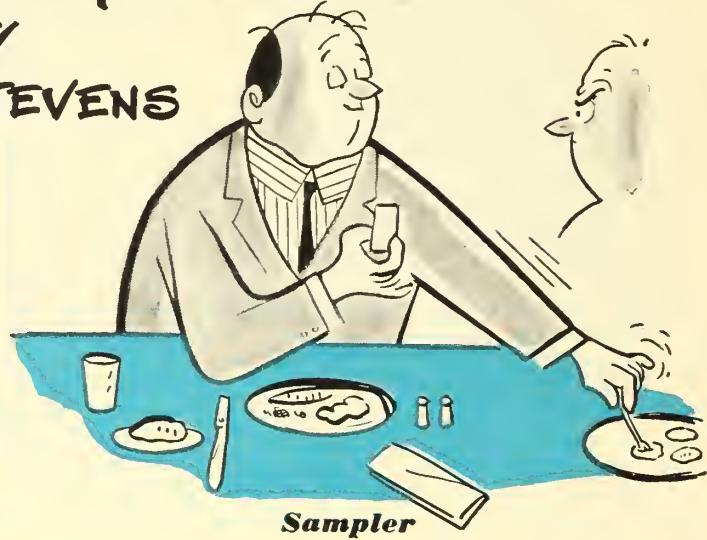
# Luncheon Companions

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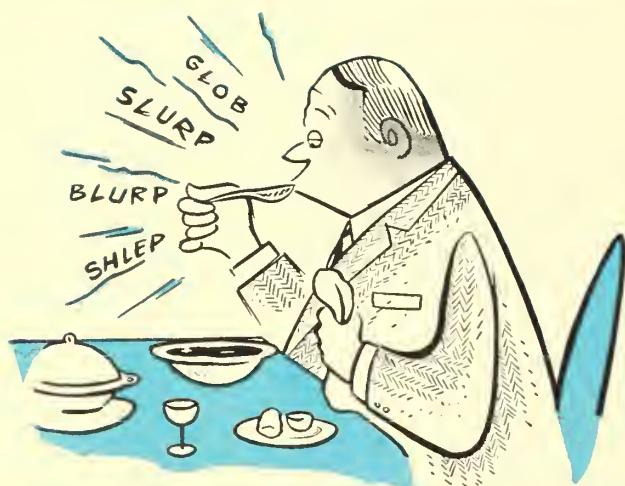
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NOTHING in your hands! Nothing up your sleeves! But look . . .

... out of your *present income* grows a wonderful future. There's a home in the country, college for your children, travel and fun for the whole family, even a comfortable retirement income for yourself.

And this is no trick, no illusion. *It really can happen!* It is happening right now for millions of wise Americans who are buying U. S. Savings Bonds *automatically* on the Payroll Savings Plan.

Here's how the magic works. All you do is sign up for the Payroll Plan. Then regularly, automatically, part of everything you earn is used to purchase Savings Bonds.

And magically, week after week, these *automatic savings* pile up the money *you'll need to pay for the future you want!*

Don't forget that every dollar you put into Savings Bonds is a "money-making dollar"—

that \$75 Bond you buy today will be worth \$100 in just 10 years. And these Bonds play a big part in helping keep our country financially sound and strong, too.

They're always available at any bank or post office. But the surest way—the easiest way—to build financial security for your future is to buy them *automatically* on the Payroll Plan.

**If you're not on a payroll**, and have a checking account, you can still enjoy the magic of automatic saving with the Bond-A-Month Plan. Ask about it at your bank.

## **AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING — U. S. SAVINGS BONDS**



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## WILL MIDGET RACING CLEAN HOUSE?

(Continued from page 23)

all but the leading car's driver had to guess where the turns were. Red guessed wrong, crashed through the fence and wound up in a barn near one end of the track. Several cars trailing Red followed him through the hole in the fence and piled their cars into a mix-up of racing equipment, straw and harness. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt. Amusing as the incident might have seemed at the time to Red and the others involved, it should have indicated that the Hatfield track wasn't suited for racing.

Yet, last year on June 15 the ARDC sanctioned another race at the same location. The fences, originally designed for horse racing, were at head height. The track was rough and dusty. Four drivers cracked up. Three of them, Harry Gassel, Eddie Kulp and George Ratty suffered head injuries directly attributable to the improperly designed crash fence. At last report, one of those injured was still in the hospital and his hospitalization to that date had cost the ARDC more than \$4,000.

Death and injury is only a result of the basic trouble with midget racing that threatens to give it a flash-in-the-pan existence if the new league and czar don't clean house properly. Irresponsibility and an eye for a quick dollar has been at the bottom of it all.

Ed (Dutch) Schaeffer stole the show, but not the race, in a "National Championship" event staged at Goshen, N. Y. last September 21. Schaeffer led by two laps at the end of the ninety-seventh mile when he was forced into the pits for fuel. He re-entered the race with a one-lap lead, spun on the ninety-ninth lap and hit the inside guard-rail, recovered and finally finished third. Henry Renard, of Baldwin, N. Y., won the "title."

Schaeffer's performance was an example of one of the things wrong with midget racing. It was an amazing ride considering that his goggles had been shattered on the third lap and he drove ninety-seven miles with a painfully cut pupil of his right eye. Two months later he was still hospitalized and it is doubtful whether Schaeffer will ever recover full use of his injured eye. Schaeffer should have quit, but didn't. The track officials should have flagged him from the track, but didn't. They let him race ninety-seven miles with broken goggles and an injured eye in a field of high-speed racing autos. The new League will have to stop that kind of thing.

The Goshen race itself was another example of what has been wrong with midget racing. And only an example—not an outstanding instance. Exciting and closely contested as the race was, a great many of the spectators left the oval one-mile dirt speedway in disgust. It was one of many races run last year which were billed as "National Championship." None of them were national championships, and the obvious motive for billing them as such could only have been to fool the fans. Other

midget "championships" were a dime a dozen and not true championships. It was no rarity last season to hear a driver booed when he was introduced by the track announcer as the National Champion, West Coast Champion, New England Champion or some such high-sounding title. The spectators booed the masquerade, not the driver.

Americans want champions in their sports, but not fake ones. And they don't appreciate the generosity of midget racing which has turned out champions as numerous as Kentucky Colonels. Sports fans are accustomed to responsible sports such as baseball with one World Series, ice hockey with its Stanley Cup playoffs, football with its separate league champions and bowling, which has one World Championship Tournament. In other sports, even where there is a dispute, as sometimes happens between the two conflicting jurisdictions in boxing, the fans know how the championship is arrived at, what the basis of dispute is, who the claimants are and why. And usually, as in the case of the conflicting claims between Ike Williams and Bob Montgomery for the title in the lightweight bracket, the fans clamor for and are given a bout to decide the better man. In midget racing, promoters have simply proclaimed championship meets and the same association has sanctioned more than one title race, apparently to keep all the promoters in its jurisdiction happy. It's hard to believe that this sport was fifth in spectator draw in the nation from the way it was run. You would think its leaders were running a carnival wrestling show in Tanktown. They apparently sacrificed any principle for today's gate.

Actually they are not all as short-sighted as that, but until now there was not enough strong leadership in the game to cause any actual investment of control in a single policing body. No matter what the better men did, in the absence of responsible and authoritative control the group as a whole would not follow. General Hayes and the NARL have their hands full. Midget racing can't stand the death list alone. Nor can it survive the phony billing which amounts to fraud. The General and the League

will have to put an end to both of them.

One promoter, who operates two midget tracks that run six months of the year to an average weekly gate of \$15,000 after taxes have been deducted, admits that he has bilked the public by advertising championship races. His championship mill used to grind out two 100-lap national champions a year as well as a sectional champion and miscellaneous lesser titles—all as superficial as the silver or gold plate that cover the trophies awarded for these events. Each of his hundreds of fellow promoters turned out an equally large batch of champions.

The Goshen race I have described was an exciting event, but the cars and competitors were not of the calibre spectators have a right to expect in a 100-mile National Championship. Advertisements stated that "33 of the nation's leading cars and drivers will compete." Only thirty-one starters went to the pole, and of this group less than ten could be considered among the nation's leading drivers. The West Coast was without a single representative; Clarence LaRue and Elmer Wilson were the only top-flight competitors from the Mid-West and only a small portion of the East's ranking speed merchants were on hand.

A week later another "100-mile National Championship" was raced at Fair Park, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It was a trifle more conservatively advertised in that it claimed only "24 of the Nation's fastest cars . . ." The race, which was delayed several hours to permit the track to dry, was finally called because of darkness at the end of the 57th lap, with Ted Duncan awarded the "crown." On hand were some of the better lead-foot artists, such as Jimmy Caris, Mike O'Halloran, Frank Burnay, Sam Hanks, Ed Johnson and Henry Banks, but still the field was not composed of the best in the sport. Ted Duncan, the winner, has proved by performance that he is of championship stature, but he can't be crowned National Champion for my money and the money of thousands of other fans, until he beats the best in the game in a logically staged title race.

Still another "National Championship" was held at Langhorne, Pa. Speedway on October 12. In many ways this race came

### GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

closer to approaching a national championship than either of the others, but its winner, too, took home a meaningless title. Promoters of this race made an honest effort to get the leading drivers in the country to compete. Like the Goshen event, the race was sanctioned by the American Race Drivers Club. But unlike the Goshen race, in this second "National Championship" it had sanctioned within three weeks, the ARDC issued an invitation to every top driver in the United States.

Mike O'Halloran of Illinois won the grind at an average speed of better than 95-miles-an-hour to break the world's midget car record for the distance by nearly two minutes. California's Paul Mantz took second, with such drivers as Chet Gibbons, Don Brennan, Georgie Rice, Bill Schindler, Mack Hellings and Duke Dinsmore finishing among the first fifteen of the thirty-three starters.

In the cockpits of specially constructed Offenhauser-powered midgets (valued at three to twelve thousand dollars each), a half dozen of which qualified at speeds well over 100 miles-an-hour, were additional front rank midget stars from every section of the country including Henry Banks, Ted Tappett, Duane Carter, Larry Bloomer, Bill Randall, Al Keller, Elmer Wilson, Jimmy Caris, Neil Carter, Paul Russo, Henry Renard, Al Bonnell and others. The 39,000 spectators at Langhorne saw the largest collection of the midget's ace drivers ever assembled, but they didn't see a National Championship.

Missing were Ted Duncan who had won the Milwaukee event, Joe Sostillo, Rabbit Musick, Sam Hanks, Cal Niday, Roy Sherman, Bob Pankratz, Ronnie Householder, Tony Bettenhausen, Dutch Schaeffer, Johnny Parsons, Duke Nalon, Perry Grimm and others who couldn't be missing from the field of a true 1947 National Championship. So again, although to a lesser degree than at Milwaukee and a far lesser extent than at Goshen, the fans left the track cheated.

September 21, 27 and October 5 last year, midget races were held at Mechanicsburg, Pa., Bloomsburg, Pa. and Richmond, Va. All three races were sanctioned by the ARDC and each was billed as "one-half mile (dirt track) championships." Within three weeks, the ARDC had sanctioned the crowning of three half-mile champions. Odd?

The ARDC is a pretty good association as they go. It and the tracks mentioned were not the only offenders. Every one of the twenty or more drivers' associations sanctioned the crowning of champions as casually as county fair officials hand out blue ribbons. Most of them, to their credit, are members of the new league.

General Hayes and the National Automobile Racing League will have other old stories in midget racing to worry about, such as:

- Promoters failing to pay off prize money as promised.
- Promoters buying "name" drivers away from previous (and already advertised) engagements.
- Drivers accepting such offers.
- Promoters entering inferior cars and

drivers in high-class races (a frequent cause of accidents.)

- Drivers and car owners looking for a quick dollar by accepting one-shot appearances in fly-by-night races on unsafe tracks.

Not all promoters, owners, or top-flight midget drivers treat their commitments lightly. Last season, for example, the fans gave West Coaster Duane Carter a cold greeting when he was announced for the line-up of the feature event at a race at Philadelphia's Yellow Jacket Speedway. Carter had come East and couldn't qualify any better than fifth. That's the way the fans saw it, and when Carter dropped a position to take sixth in the final, a lot of spectators wrote Carter off as a driver who couldn't deliver under pressure from the Eastern boys. What the fans didn't know was that Carter had been plagued by a series of accidents and motor trouble. Time he should have spent catching up on sleep between his two and three hundred mile jumps from track to track, Carter had spent working on his car. That night at the Jacket's Speedway, Carter went into competition with only four hours sleep in forty-eight hours. The promoter, before the race, saw that Carter was out on his feet and offered to let him back out on his agreement.

"Nuts," Carter said. "You advertised me. It isn't good for the game if I don't get out there and do what I can."

For a man who was really beat out, Carter did plenty. Later on his tour, when he'd had some rest and had groomed his car into peak shape, Carter shoved his black Offenhauser across the finish line in front of some of the best throttle pushers the East had to offer. Yet, for the good of the game, Carter shouldn't have raced when he was dog tired—in spite of his excellent motives. He was courting an accident. A higher authority should have kept him off the track and assumed the responsibility for doing so.

Last season saw an upswing in overall midget race attendance. But only because there were more midget tracks. Most established promotions averaged fewer customers than during 1946. It would appear that some of the old fans had been lost, but they should be able to be gathered back into the racing fold if those engaged in the sport make a real effort to put it on a big time operating basis.

The new League and the General have a chance for positive, progressive action before the law steps in or the customers walk out.

Irv Fried, president of the new League and a prominent Eastern race promoter, is sure a great future is ahead for the midgets because drivers and promoters are voluntarily submitting to General Hayes' control. Fried says: "By joining NARL promoters, drivers, car owners, driver-associations and all those connected with midget auto racing are signing away their right to do wrong and get away with it."

The new League may be the answer—at least it is a forward step toward converting midget racing into the big time sport it deserves to be. THE END

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## TOO OLD TO FIGHT

(Continued from page 13)

little embarrassed in front of his young wife. When she had married him they used to be pleasantly pestered by autograph seekers. Now this arrogant pimple didn't even bother to find him a seat.

Diego gently guided his wife to a seat in the dark and felt his way into the one beside it. Gordo and Flaco, on the screen, were in a terrible predicament involving some cement and bricks, and it was very funny. Diego found himself laughing.

Right in the middle of his laugh he said to himself, yes, I'll get a nocturnal, and I'll do so well that they'll give me a big fight here in Madrid with bulls from any ganadería I care to...

### "DIEGO FORTUNA!"

It rang out in the dark of the theater. The lights flashed on and Diego could see it was the usher shouting.

"Mother of God," his wife groaned. "It must be the baby."

They pushed their way over the legs and hurried up to the usher.

"Que pasa, chico?" Fortuna started. "What . . ."

"There's a bull in the street!" shouted the boy. "Come quickly, matador! He's killed several people — he's about to charge a crowd—hurry, por dios, hurry."

Diego ran out of the theater, his wife behind him. The bright afternoon sun blinded him for a moment, but then he made out the bull. It was standing fifty yards from him in front of the frozen crowd, pawing the pavement and looking as though it would charge at any second.

"It must weigh 380 kilos dressed," Diego thought. He was thinking like a torero now, like a torero behind the barrera in the big Madrid ring on the first bull of the Prensa fight, or on the first day of the Sevilla fair when you know all Spain is watching every move you make. He was feeling the torero's fear-knot in his stomach now too — the knot that almost strangles but has to be ignored, that has to be smiled off. "He's a cathedral, but he's closed of horn and maybe I can handle him if I take him wide."

He turned to his wife and grabbed his overcoat from her.

"Pili!" he commanded. "Slip around up the street—get a taxi—muleta and sword in the hall closet!"

"Ai, cuidado!" she whispered. "Be careful, Dieguito!"

He called over his shoulder to her as he started for the bull: "Hurry, for the love of God! I can't do much with this rag." She didn't hear; she was already running up the street.

The bull had its head low now and was measuring for the charge into the motionless, whimpering crowd. Diego heard murmurs of prayers. The bull didn't see him come.

"Huh-huh-toro!" he called gutturally. He was holding the coat out in front of him with both hands. "Huh, toro!"

The bull half-turned from the inviting mass of people.

"Toro-toro-toro!" It was almost a hiss. The bull turned around, the back legs seeming to work like a separate unit. It

came toward Diego slowly. Ten feet away it stopped and looked as though it might go back to the people. Why charge this one smallish man?

"Toro!" Diego shook the coat hard as he shouted. The animal's tail shot up and it hurled itself forward. When it reached the coat, there was no man behind it, and the bull's momentum carried it by. It wheeled and again was confronted by the slight figure holding the coat in front of him and chanting irritably: toro, toro, huh-huh, torito, toro . . .

The bull charged again harder, and then again, and each time hit empty coat. But the cloth was too small to control the animal effectively. Diego was on the defensive, and on every pass he was forced to jump back several feet. Two more lunges of the monster and Diego was backed up with his back to the concrete wall of a building.

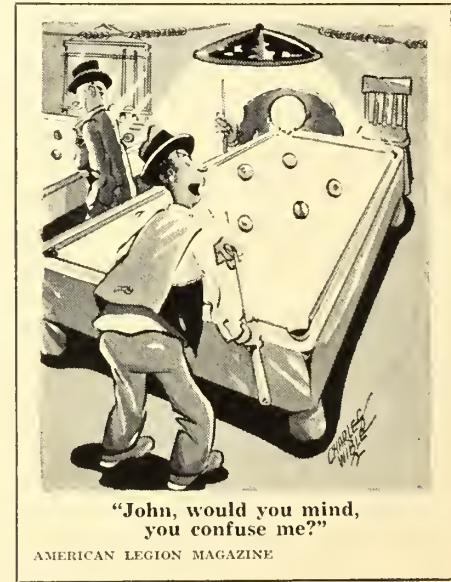
The animal stood still, breathing hard from the vicious charges. It studied this elusive, tantalizing man, measuring for the kill. Diego was in a bad position. If the bull charged, there was no way out; he'd be spiked up against the wall. He couldn't hope to control another charge with the coat without backing up, and there was no place to back up to. If only he had the muleta and the sword! What the devil was keeping Pili?

He froze up against the wall, not daring to move for fear of making the bull charge. The animal was fifteen feet away. There was an open window into an office right above Diego's head, but he knew he could never turn and scramble up into it before the bull would have him. Little sweat pearls formed on his upper lip as the bull took a cautious step forward, wanting to make sure this time, wanting to kill and not just hit empty cloth.

*Por dios, would Pili never come?*

The entrance to the building was thirty feet away. Diego knew he couldn't outrun the bull to it, but anything was better than to die up against this wall. What an end for Diego Fortuna whom the critics had once said no bull could kill!

He was about to drop the coat and run for it when he heard the scream of the taxi's tires as it skidded to a stop seventy-



five yards up the street. He breathed a little prayer as he saw Pili getting out with the red muleta and running down towards him. The bull saw her too, and focused its attention on her.

"Cuidado!" he whispered as loudly as he dared. "Slowly — be careful!"

She was fifty feet away, and the bull was dividing its attention between them, not knowing which to charge.

Pili slowed down and edged forward cautiously along the wall of the building, her face white, her scared eyes fixed on the knifelike horns of the bull that was fifty feet away. Ten more careful, nightmarish feet, and she was able to duck into the doorway to the building.

It seemed to Diego that it took an eternity for her to find the window that was over his head. When she reappeared at the sill he knew it, though he couldn't take his eyes off the bull to turn and look up; he knew it by the way the bull suddenly jerked up its head, and because it took two steps forward, and because the skin on its hump shivered.

"Easy," he whispered. He knew she was inching the muleta cloth across the sill with the sword in it. "Slow, slow," he warned. The slightest abrupt motion would make the animal charge.

Diego reached one cautious hand in back of him above his head and felt the wooden handle of the muleta. The bull took a step forward.

He waited a few seconds, and then he slowly reached up the other and felt the chamois-covered ball of the sword-hilt shoved into his palm. It felt good.

He took a deep breath, and in what seemed like one motion, he jerked the red cloth down and spread it out like a sail with the sword. At the same time the bull shot forward at it. As the horns grazed by him, Diego slipped out behind the charging bull away from the wall and out towards the center of the square.

The animal wheeled like a polo pony and charged again, and the torero forced him out of the shadows into the sun with short, choppy, punishing passes that twisted the great neck and made the gray tongue hang out. It was hard to know if he took the bull out into the center of the square to get it farther away from the huddled crowd or so that the several thousand people who were watching from up the street and from the buildings could see better.

He was smiling now. He had spun the bull, doubling it harshly in its own tracks, and now it stood ten feet away looking at him bewilderedly, its flanks heaving. Diego had almost lost the fear-knot; it felt nice to be out in the sun with a sword and muleta in his hands and thousands of Madrileños watching.

"Now let's see if Diego Fortuna creaks," he muttered as he got the cloth right in his hand, the sword spreading it wide. "Let's see this old man."

He took a step forward — an arrogant step, his chin down on his chest, a little smile on his lips, his eyes frowning and studying. The bull watched intently as the torero edged closer slowly; its eyes were focused on the man's legs and not on the cloth. It had almost learned that the cloth was not its enemy.

"Huh-huh, toro," Diego called softly, insultingly, giving the muleta a little shake. The big horns swung towards the cape a moment, hesitated, and then pointed at the legs again.

"TORO!" he shouted, giving a violent shake to the muleta.

The bull charged at the muleta hard; the horns missed his legs by ten inches.

"Olé!" cried the crowd, forgetting their own danger for the moment. Diego had forgotten what a sweet sound that was.

When the bull wheeled, Diego was waiting for it with his feet planted, his knees locked, and his back arched with the grace of a dancer. The needle horns went by his knees five inches away.

"Olé!"

The third time, the horns ripped open Diego's pants but missed the flesh. He had calculated so exactly that he knew he didn't have to bother to move his legs back an inch.

Then he drew the sword out of the muleta for the dangerous natural pass — the bull having only half the size of the cloth to attract it away from the man's legs.

"Huh-huh, toro!"

He took the bull back and forth in front of him seven times without moving his feet. He should have been hit seven times, but his wrist somehow worked the muleta in such a way that he controlled the bull's charge to a fraction of an inch. It he hadn't sucked his stomach in on the last pass the horn would have ripped him open; as it was, it merely ripped out his shirt.

It was the old Fortuna, the Fortuna that Madrid had applauded deliriously the day of his *alternativa* years before. And Madrid was applauding deliriously again; one continuous *olé* seemed to be roared from the throats of the people that watched breathlessly from the office buildings and from the group in the cul-de-sac who knew they were saved.

Now Diego cautiously maneuvered the bull so that its front legs were together to open up the shoulder blades.

"Va por Luis Morales" he shouted to the crowd as he sighted down the blade of the flashing sword. "It goes for Luis Morales!"

He charged at the bull and the bull lunged forward. Diego's body passed over the right horn as he sunk the sword up to the hilt between the withers as easily as into a bale of hay. The animal charged again once, took a step backward, legs caving, another drunken step, and then crashed over backwards dead.

The hysterical crowd surged forward shouting: "Olé Fortuna olé el jabato de León!" They cut off the bull's tail and ears and handed them to Diego. He was slumped down on the carcass of the dead bull, exhausted after the greatest fight of his career. They hoisted him to their shoulders and paraded him around the streets of Madrid until past midnight.

Diego Fortuna was awarded the Great Cruz Laureada, Spain's highest decoration, by the Spanish Government. Needless to say, he was swamped with contracts afterwards to fight in the big ring in Madrid or anywhere else he chose.

THE END

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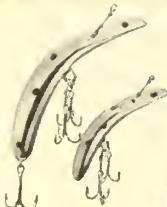
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## SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 8)

firing but couldn't locate them. . . . Considering everything, we had better stuff than the Japs, but the fellows who were in Europe don't say the same about the Germans. . . .

HAROLD KURTZ  
Nyssa, Oregon

. . . The M1 is a trouble maker. Unless loaded with a full clip it's only a single-shot weapon. . . . The .45 "grease-gun" was regarded as a menace to everyone but the Germans . . . heavy, unreliable, inaccurate, slow of fire compared to British Sten and German Schmeisser. . . . The Army still lacks a suitable all-weather field boot. Frozen feet accounted for too many of our men. The same boot is still standard issue. . . .

LOUIS S. MOORE  
Quitman, Georgia

. . . I have pictures of about six American tanks and tank-destroyers knocked out by one high-velocity German 77mm anti-tank gun. The 77s pierced every conceivable part of our tanks at better than 1000 yards. . . . The German MG 42 machine gun was and is the best machine gun in the world, in my opinion. . . . A lot of our tanks had track trouble which didn't seem so apparent in German-design tanks. . . . Our helmets were of superior design but not of construction. The steel in the German helmets was a little thicker, a lot stronger. I've tried without success to shoot through a Jerry helmet with a Colt .45, yet easily punctured ours with the same weapon. . . .

WALTER BUCK  
Solen, North Dakota

. . . In the Fourth Armored Division our .30 calibre cartridges were assembled in web belts mounted in vehicles. They worked loose with the vibrating of the vehicle, preventing firing on short notice. The Germans had theirs assembled in metal links, as were our .50 calibre cartridges for a while. This worked much better. . . . Then, later in the war, the .50s began to come through in web belts too, like the .30s, and we found them useless for prompt action. . . . We saved the .50 calibre metal links and between large-scale firings spent what time we could transferring the .50s from the web belts to the metal links we'd saved. . . .

Our 6x6 2½ ton cargo truck was a swell piece of equipment but the exhaust pipe was attached to the back of the splash fender nearest the rear wheels and clogged with mud. . . . Ordnance should modify this by moving it to the front of the splash fender. . . .

WILLIAM G. PHILLIPPI  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

. . . German smokeless powder in small arms was better than ours. . . . The German 88mm was the best anti-tank gun of the war. Its projectile could walk through any tank we had in action. . . . I saw one 88 knock out five of our medium tanks in six shots. This I believe was a combination of good German equipment, good German gunning, long

practice and the inability of our tanks to get around on soggy ground. . . . Our tanks need wider tracks, more armor and a gun as good or better than the 88. . . . The German Luger Pistol and P-38 were both better than our Colt .45. . . . Jerry had better batteries for his vehicles. . . . We had web equipment that froze in cold and swelled in rain, and Jerry used leather in place of this. . . . German guns and clothing had better camouflage coloring than ours. . . . We need raincoats that don't leak and sleeping bags that could be zipped together to make a two-man bag to share the heat. . . .

JAMES H. DUNCAN  
Egan, Louisiana

. . . Our Colt automatic service pistol is bulky, unwieldy, difficult to fire with accuracy. . . . An ordnance Major told me it was the most worthless military arm he had ever seen. . . . I worked in ordnance and have seen men consistently miss a large target at 25 feet. . . . All seem to agree the Colt revolver would be a better weapon in every way. . . .

RICHARD H. DANE  
Niagara Falls, New York

. . . My so-called combat knife (trusty K-Bar) snapped during infighting on Okinawa, and thanks to a buddy I'm here to write this. . . . I've seen several K-Bars snap too easily. . . . After mine went I wrote home for my own favorite hunting knife. . . . Maybe it can't be done but I burned out the lands in my carbine in the same action. . . . Then, too, just like Commando Kelly's BAR, mine got too hot to handle. . . .

DONALD P. LEWIS  
Weymouth, Massachusetts

. . . The principal weapon of our mountain troops was the Browning machine gun, water cooled. . . . We had to avoid excess weight in every possible way to fight in impassable terrain. . . . The gun was heavy and cumbersome enough, and in addition we had to carry anti-freeze along for it. . . . We had to hold the rate of fire down because of the difficulty of changing barrels.

Meanwhile, in the MG 34 and MG 42 the Germans had pieces of high mobility, high rate of fire, eight-second barrel-change—cheap, light weapons that were effective and expendable. . . .

KENNETH L. EGGLESTON  
Vinton, Iowa

. . . To see buddies killed because of lack of efficient and equal guns and equipment is hard to take—as we took it from Jap ships and planes on Guadalcanal. The best equipment in the world is worth more than a million pep talks. . . . Yours for a better prepared Army, Navy and Air Force with the best equipment and training. . . .

VERNON ROSE  
Hillsboro, Texas

. . . Our machine guns were too bulky, cantankerous and cumbersome in comparison to the weapons we encountered, and the rate of fire was too slow. The M1 Rifle is a good weapon but fails after continuous fire—jams and fails to eject. . . .

. . . I have seen one German Tiger tank

pick off three American Shermans while the rounds from the Shermans hardly dented the Tiger. . . . Our tank boys said this was no exception in out-and-out tank duels. . . . Our tanks should be better armed and better armored. They are fine against ground troops but not against other tanks. . . .

ALAN C. THOMSON  
Portland, Oregon

. . . Thanks for letting the public know what every doughfoot learned in Europe. Our outfit helped end the affair by using captured anti-tank guns, 120mm mortars and that patent and handy *panzerfaust*.

JOSEPH T. PAULL  
Ishpeming, Michigan

. . . No man without a good knowledge of profanity can use our .30 calibre machine gun loader. . . .

GERALD CLAUSING  
Mountain Grove, Missouri

. . . I've often wondered why we still risk men's lives fighting with our cheap, air-cooled .30 calibre machine gun. The German gunners could change barrels in about 10 seconds flat and we had to spend 15 or 20 minutes. I wish the Army would junk tradition and get down to brass tacks. . . .

L. W. FARMER  
Dayton, Kentucky

#### FROM THE TOE OF THE BOOT

. . . The magazine has readers all over the world. Here in the old city of Reggio Calabria I make all my five children understand enough of the magazine to enjoy it. . . . Was a member of Post 29, Greenwich, Conn., until 1931 when, suffering with rheumatism, I had to return to the old native land without a possibility of returning to the good old U.S.A., land of everybody's dreams. . . .

FRANCESCO TRIPODI  
Reggio Calabria, Italy

#### DR. RICE AND THE READERS

. . . Thanks for the article on health fads, *What You Don't Know About Your Health*, by Dr. J. B. Rice in April. Interesting . . . amusing . . . sensible.

Permit one beef. . . . As I read my eyes watered, my nose smarted, ran, tickled and I was dismayed to find nothing relating to the—aaaah Choo!—common cold. Thaggig you I rebade.

WILLIAM DIXON  
Calipatria, California

. . . Dr. Rice's article was . . . a lot of information in a short article. . . .

A. S. SNELL  
Tonawanda, Pennsylvania

. . . I wish to pay tribute to you and Dr. Rice. . . .

JOHN D. DALY  
New York City

. . . He said stomach ulcers can't be cured by medicine. . . . Isn't milk a medicine for stomach ulcers? Doubt you print this.

E. L. SIMIANER  
Johnstown, Colorado

Milk may be a medicine in this instance, but it relieves, doesn't cure. Editors

. . . Please send me 100 copies of Dr. Rice's article. . . .

NORMAN TOBIAS, M.D.  
St. Louis, Missouri

. . . It aroused me. Especially the part about barbers knowing nothing about hair and the scalp. . . . I know women who have become bald. . . . Am sure male sex hormone has nothing to do with baldness. . . .

TOM COLLIER  
Harrison, Idaho

. . . How about more of the same. . . .

F. C. MICHELSON  
Versailles, Indiana

. . . Request permission to reprint. . . .

JANE STARK  
*Everybody's Digest*  
New York City

. . . It's not necessary to exercise every day, as Dr. Rice said, in order to embark on an exercise program. . . .

GENE JANTZEN  
Bartelso, Illinois

Also on hand several hundred other letters of praise and damnation for Dr. Rice. Editors

#### MORE FARMS FOR VETERANS

The letter of Mrs. M. D. Bowne in April has given me an idea. I have an offer for some deserving vet who has enough of a pension to tide him over the first lean years on a farm. . . . To a married vet who is willing to work there is a chance for a good future on my 200-acre New York State farm. . . . It is on a state road, with a ten room dwelling, barns and outbuildings—electricity, phone and running water. . . . Nobody on it at present but I'd like a couple to live there and work it. . . . I'd stock with cattle, hogs, poultry and horses, furnish tools and seeds. . . . Would live there myself during growing season and assist. . . . We would reach an agreement on how to split the earnings over and above expenses. . . . Am a vet of both wars, served in Air Corps, Coast Guard and Navy. Want a nice couple who will be companions as well as assistants. . . .

JOHN H. WATTS, JR.  
P.O. Box 374  
Port Washington, N. Y.

As a result of Mrs. Bowne's prize-winning letter in April we received more similar offers from all over the country than we can print. We advise any farm owners who would like to place the management of their farms in the hands of veterans to make the facts known to their County Agent of Agriculture or the State Supervisor of Agriculture. Since On-The-Farm training under the GI Bill is not available to a veteran who is not in line to manage or operate a farm himself, such an opportunity can be a godsend to any of thousands of veterans who want to be farmers but can't qualify for training under this peculiar law. Agricultural agents (and Legion Service Officers) try to make contacts between farm-owners and veterans wishing to operate farms. Such veterans should also contact their agricultural agents.

More on this in next month's article, *How GI Employment Laws Work*, by Jack Sher. Editors

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# The New BOOKS



## THE GATHERING STORM, By Winston Churchill 832 Pages, \$6.00.

Winston Churchill was like a rock for his own people in World War II. They believed in him and his leadership, and most of us here in America admired him as a courageous leader even if we thought that he sometimes got the best of the bargain in his dealing with his Allies.

He is also one of the best and most interesting writers of the English language. He has written many good books in the



past, and now this new one, equally readable, is one of the most important books on World War II.

It contains many things about the war that have never been told before—information which, up to now, has been kept in the secret records of Great Britain.

Churchill can tell about war not only as a good writer but as an actual veteran of battle. In his early days he was in several hard-fought engagements in Africa and India. This part of his life experience has always helped him, he believes, to judge better the needs and hardships of the fighting troops, both in World War I and World War II, when he held high government positions in which he did all he could to help the fighting forces.

His new book shows he has the same old fire in his writing which Americans learned about from all he said on the radio and in the newspapers during World War II.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES — 1947

Chosen by the Post Editors  
311 Pages; \$2.75.

The *Saturday Evening Post's* enemies (if it has any) will concede that its fiction maintains a consistently high level. The editors who select the five or six stories

## OUR BOOK SERVICE

On these pages are listed books which interpret American life in terms of today. By filling out the form given at the bottom of the opposite page, and enclosing check or money order, you can get any of the books listed. Watch out next month for reviews of other books of current interest. The history of the outfit with which you served may be ready.

THE EDITORS

used in each issue from the hundreds that are received have chosen the twenty of the best published in 1947. The quality of these stories attests to the judgment of those who made the selection.

The book opens with a story of the British retreat to Dunkirk (the ending will choke you up for a moment), shifts quickly to a futuristic space-ship tale, and then offers a pseudo-scientific piece by Gerald Kersh. The very next story is a murder mystery.

There is something here for every adult member of the family (and a couple for the children). Sophie Kerr, Morley Callaghan, Norman Reiley Raine, Norman Katkov, and Sally Carrigan are represented, among others. *Saturday Evening Post Stories* makes a perfect gift book—it would be an illiterate or unappreciative person indeed who couldn't find pleasure in reading or re-reading the year's best.

## 29, LET'S GO! History of the 29th Infantry Division in World War II.

By Lt. Joseph H. Ewing  
328 Pages; Illustrated; \$5.00.

## HISTORY OF THE 94th INFANTRY DIVISION IN WORLD WAR II.

Edited by Lt. Laurence G. Byrnes  
527 Pages; Illustrated; \$5.00.

Both the 29th and 94th Divisions fought with distinction in the European Theater of Operations, and their histories, just published, do great credit to their excellent battle records.

The 29th Division was perhaps the more colorful of the two, coming in, as it did, on H-hour of D-day and fighting through to the bitter end of the war in Europe. The author of the book has caught the color and dash of the division in his narrative

and one feels, through the pages and in the illustrations this spirit of a good, tough division. Men who saw service with the 29th Blue and Gray in Division in WW1 will have a special interest in reading of the way their traditions were upheld.

The 94th, too, was a good, tough division, albeit with somewhat less battle service and tradition behind it. It got into the battle in time to operate on part of the Siegfried Line and go on from there. Its history, a trifle more formal than that of the 29th, is an enormously detailed and accurate account of the division's training and battle experience, supplemented by photographs and detailed maps.

## THE PRICE OF POWER

By Hanson Baldwin  
361 Pages; Appendices; Index; Bibliography; \$3.75.

One of the best civilian military writers in the United States is Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times*, whose comment on the armed forces appears almost daily. He

works his hardest for a proper Army, Navy and Air Force and his ideas on the national defense are widely read and discussed.



In this book Baldwin rounds up his opinion on where our military power stands in the present troubled time of the

world. He adds up the Russian power and our own, along with that of the other nations which, in case of war, would line up on either side. And he tells what he thinks we should do to make ourselves much stronger, for which he gives plenty of sound arguments.

His book will help any Legion reader round up his own thoughts on what kind of forces we should have. Baldwin has much inside information and he gives it out in a way that shows us what could really happen if we got into another war as unprepared as we were last time.

He also gives many careful estimates of what Russia is able to do now and what she may well be able to do later, pulling no punches in what he says.



# THE STILWELL PAPERS

BY GEN. JOSEPH STILWELL

Explosive, colorful notes on everything from the Burmese climate to Allied diplomacy, caustic comment on almost every important figure of

World War II, by "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. Never meant for publication, Stilwell's papers are blunt, unrestrained — and wonderful reading. \$4.00

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## ON ACTIVE SERVICE

By Henry L. Stimson  
and McGeorge Bundy

Few living Americans influence U. S. military policy, and the conduct of World War II as much as Henry Stimson. His book is the first-hand story of the history-making decisions he formulated before and during World War II. \$5.00

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Best-selling novel of three doctors in the Revolutionary War — highlighted by land and sea battles, *l'amour*, and accounts of 18th century surgery. \$3.00

### RAINTREE COUNTY

By Ross Lockridge

Almost an American classic — a frank, finely written story of an American's memories of his life in a small American town. \$3.95

### THE BIG SKY

By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

The sweep of the plains, the loneliness of the mountains are in this brutal, moving story of the men who went west *ahead of the pioneers*. \$3.50

### CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By Arnold Toynbee

Informal essays by one of the world's greatest living historians — a book which gives a deep insight into the problems of our time, and a hint at a solution. \$3.50

## The Best from World War II

### BARBED-WIRE SURGEON

By Dr. Alfred Weinstein

A surgeon, captured on Bataan, reports on his years of Jap prison-camp life, his life-saving work with improvised implements and medicines, the courage of his fellows. \$3.00

### THE GOEBBELS DIARIES

Ed. by Louis Lochner

The inside story of the Nazi clique which ruled Germany — the two-year personal diary of a top Nazi. \$4.00

### WAR AS I KNEW IT

By Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.

Brilliant, opinionated, book by one of the best-loved and most hated figures of World War II. \$3.75

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A handy, one-volume history of World War II, complete with 32 page index, maps. Covers both military and diplomatic operation before and during U.S. entry into the war. \$3.75

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By Lt. Joseph Ewing

The story of the 29th, from D-Day to de-activation. \$5.00

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# PARTING SHOTS

## RHYME FOR TODAY

Hi diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
Prices jumped over the moon,  
And each time that kitty  
Dared fiddle a ditty  
Petrillo cashed in on the tune.

— BY ETHEL JACOBSON

## CAUSTIC COMEBACK

During a Hollywood luncheon party an ageing actress, noted for her salty sarcasms, looked at Rosalind Russell and exclaimed, "Oh, how I dread to think of life at 45!"

"Why?" quipped Miss Russell, "What happened then?"

— BY CLIFFORD WARREN

## A DOG'S LIFE

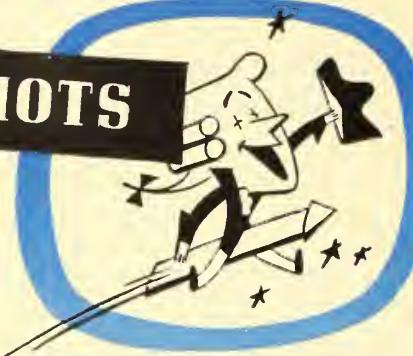
I have a dog,  
His name is Rover;  
When I whistle  
He runs over.  
  
I have a boss,  
His name is Grover;  
When he whistles  
I run over.

— BY SIDNEY R. BARON

## YOUR CHANGE, SIR

Ingenious methods were often devised by officers to make sure that barracks were cleaned. One officer at the Brady, Texas, Air Cadet school assigned A/C Tom Bennett to clean-up detail in his barracks. To make certain that the quarters were actually cleaned, the officer placed a dime over the moulding of the doorway. If the moulding was dusted, the coin would not be there when he returned.

On his next inspection, the officer



immediately ran his hand along the moulding. His fingers touched a coin. He spun on Bennett and flashed a suspiciously sweet smile.

"So you cleaned the barracks, eh?" he said.

"Oh, yes sir," replied Bennett, "and thanks for the cigar."

The officer looked down at the coin in his hand. Red-faced, he found himself looking at the rugged profile of Abraham Lincoln, done in copper.

— BY JEAN SHIVELY

## LINING 'EM UP

In large bores and in small bores,  
According to the game,  
Come hunting rifles. Hunters  
Are classified the same.

— BY RICHARD ARMOUR

## CHURCH CHIMES

His father criticized the sermon. His sister didn't like the choir's singing. His mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. But he stopped them all with: "Well, you can gripe all you want. But I think it was a darn good show for a dime."

— BY PERRY SAUMS

## H C L

Probably never before has the American dollar had such good-bye power.

— BY PETE SIMER

## REWARD OF INVENTION

A Whole Novel in Six Short Chapters

### I

Inventor announces he will make a better mousetrap than the next man's.

### II

He does. It's a humdinger of a mousetrap.

### III

Just as the proverb says, the world beats a path to his door. Police reserves are called out to handle the traffic.

### IV

Everybody admires the mousetrap immensely and says it's a wonderful job.

### V

Every visitor calls the inventor aside and asks for a word with him in private. Inventor eagerly awaits a fine offer for his mousetrap patent.

### VI

Each person says, "Well, sir, now that you've made this great invention, you'll probably be moving to better quarters. Like to rent your house?"

— BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

## HI-HO, WILLIAM TELL

My daughter has proven to my great pride,  
To culture she's clearly no stranger.  
The first in her class, she identified  
The overture to the Lone Ranger.

— BY HARRY LAZARUS

## MOURNFUL MUSIC

When President Truman, last March, concluded his broadcast calling for an increase in the armed services, one of the stations carrying his message added a remarkable postscript. A Texas A & M College disc jockey came on the air with the ringing statement: "Are you between 18 and 21? Then listen to this:"

The record played was *I Cry for You*.

— BY C. C. SPRINGFIELD

## HOW NOW, GERONIMO!

During the days when Indian chiefs were allowed more than one wife, Geronimo, chief of the Apaches, had five. Each year he came from a nearby reservation and brought them all to our annual county picnic and carnival.

One year the loquacious wife of a leading citizen was especially anxious to impress visitors from the East with the color and drama of our ranch and Indian life. Spying the stately Geronimo seated on the ground at the daily noon-day feast, with his five wives clustered about him, she immediately rushed her friends over and went into a lengthy speech on the Apache chieftain's bloody warpath days. Through the entire discourse Geronimo continued to eat on in dignified silence.

"And now, Chief," she at last wound up patronizingly, "do tell us how on earth you manage to get along with five wives!"

"Indian woman don't talk so damn much," grunted Geronimo.

— BY E. A. DUNCAN

"Get Out and Stay Out!"

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